ANGEL™

LAST ANGEL IN HELL

VOLUME 6

ANGEL™

LAST ANGEL IN HELL

VOLUME 6

Chapter 1: Become What You Are .... page 4

Written by Brian Lynch
Art by Franco Urru
Color by Paolo Maddaleni
Color assist by 2B Studio
Lettering by Robbie Robbins

Chapter 2: Drusilla .... page 28

Story by Juliet Landau
Script by Juliet Landau and Brian Lynch
Art by Franco Urru
Color by Fabio Mantovani and Paolo Maddaleni
Color flats by Chiara Cinabro, 2B Studio
Lettering by Robbie Robbins and Neil Uyetake

Chapter 3: Boys And Their Toys .... page 74

Written by Brian Lynch
Art by Stephen Mooney
Colored by Tom Smith/Scorpion Studios
Lettering by Robbie Robbins

Chapter 4: Last Angel In Hell .... page 120

Written by Brian Lynch
Art by Stephen Mooney
Colors by Leonard O'Grady
Lettering by Robbie Robbins

Art Gallery .... page 171

Original Series Edits by Chris Ryall
Collection Edits by Justin Eisinger and Mariah Huehner
Collection Design by Neil Uyetake
Collection Cover by Stephen Mooney and Nick Runge

IDW Publishing
Operations:
Ted Adams, Chief Executive Officer
Greg Goldstein, Chief Operating Officer
Matthew Ruzicka, CPA, Chief Financial Officer
Alan Payne, VP of Sales
Lorelei Bunjes, Dir. of Digital Services
AnnaMaria White, Marketing & PR Manager
Marci Hubbard, Executive Assistant
Alonzo Simon, Shipping Manager
Angela Loggins, Staff Accountant

Editorial:
Chris Ryall, Publisher/Editor-in-Chief
Scott Dunbier, Editor, Special Projects
Andy Schmidt, Senior Editor
Bob Schreck, Senior Editor
Justin Eisinger, Editor
Kris Oprisko, Editor/Foreign Lic.
Denton J. Tipton, Editor
Tom Waltz, Editor
Mariah Huehner, Associate Editor
Carlos Guzman, Editorial Assistant

Design:
Robbie Robbins, EVP/Sr. Graphic Artist
Neil Uyetake, Art Director
Chris Mowry, Graphic Artist
Amauri Osorio, Graphic Artist
Gilberto Lazcano, Production Assistant
Shawn Lee, Production Assistant

eISBN: 9781613773017
DIGITAL
www.IDWPUBLISHING.com

Angel created by Joss Whedon and David Greenwalt.
Special thanks to our Watcher, Joss Whedon, and Fox Worldwide Publishing's Debbie Olshan for their invaluable assistance.

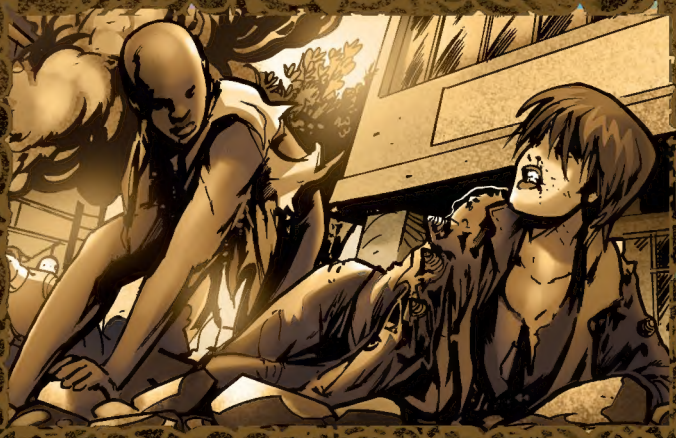
ANGEL, VOL. 6: LAST ANGEL IN HELL HC. MAY 2010. FIRST PRINTING. ANGEL is © 2010 Twentieth Century Fox Film Corporation. All Rights Reserved. © 2010 Idea and Design Works, LLC. IDW Publishing, a division of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Editorial offices: 5080 Santa Fe St., San Diego, CA 92109. The IDW logo is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office. All Rights Reserved. Any similarities to persons living or dead are purely coincidental. With the exception of artwork used for review purposes, none of the contents of this publication may be reprinted without the permission of Idea and Design Works, LLC. Printed in Korea.
IDW Publishing does not read or accept unsolicited submissions of ideas, stories, or artwork.

Originally published as ANGEL Issues #23–27 and ANGEL: LAST ANGEL IN HELL ANNUAL.

Angel's been through a lot recently. A Hell Moment, when all of L.A. was trapped in the end times. Reduced to being human again precisely when being an undead vampire with a soul would have been most useful. One of his friends killing his son. One of his other friends turning into a ghost beholden to Angel's nemesis, Wolfram & Hart. Getting killed himself. Only to have it all dialed back to the moment in the alley when the dragon showed up and the legions of Hell were first set loose.

Unfortunately, the one thing that wasn't set back was everyone's memories. So now he's Angel The Hero of Los Angeles, with a motley crew that now includes a shapeshifting jaguar girl and a real live angel. He's on the cover of tabloids and, considering that dark and brooding nature, pretty uncomfortable with all the attention. Magical fallout is everywhere, "good" demons are going missing, and he can't go anywhere without someone trying to get an autograph.

But all of that pales in comparison to visiting Comic Con and seeing the Hollywood movie version of what happened. Not to mention the incident with the costumes, and checking in with everyone's favorite, crazy, vampire psychic...



chapter one

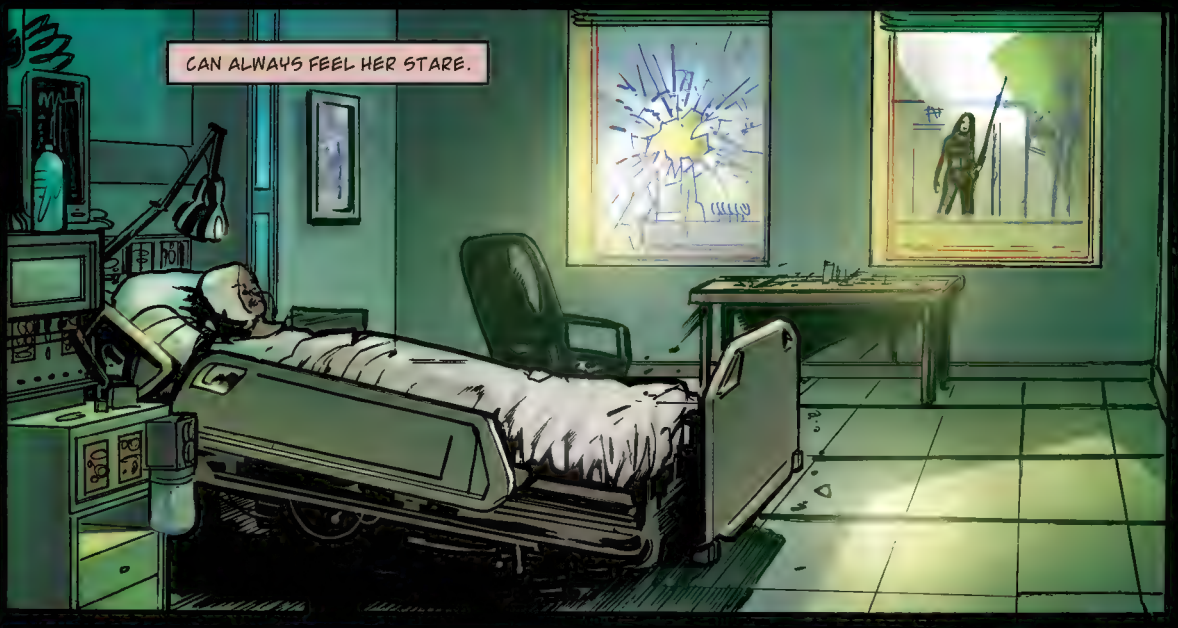
CHARLES. YOU'RE AWAKE. HEALED. GOOD. I FELT REMORSE FOR YOUR SITUATION.
THANK YOU.
BUT WHAT YOU DID TO ME...
...SHE TRUSTED YOU IN THE PAST, AND IT LED TO HER DEATH. I TRUSTED YOU, AND I ALMOST FELL.
HER INFLUENCE MAKES ME WANT TO PROTECT YOU.
BUT SHE IS WEAK. THAT IS WHY SHE DIED.
I HAVE TO KILL YOU, CHARLES.
ILLYRIA—
—I AGREE.

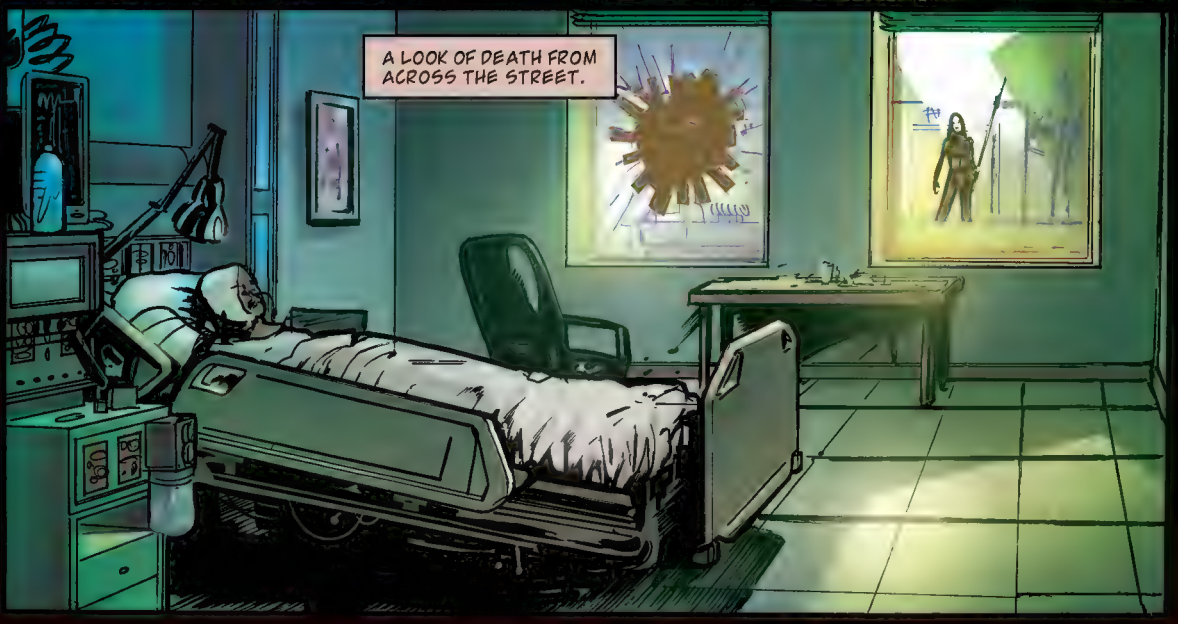
EARLIER.
"NO. LEAVE ME BE.
"PLEASE, LET ME DIE."
"SORRY, CHARLES. IT'S NOT THAT EASY."
"I DO NOT LIKE IT IN A BOX. I DO NOT LIKE IT WITH SOME LOX."
HA! THIS SCRAWNY ONE'S SOPHISTICATED PALATE IS PROVING MOST FRUSTRATING FOR HIS COMPANION, BUT PROVING MOST ENTERTAINING TO ME!
LORNE IS HERE. DID I HURT LORNE?
I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO DO, I REALLY DON'T.
I MEAN, THAT'S OBVIOUS, I'M CONSULTING A COMA PATIENT.
NO—
—NOT LORNE.
DID I KILL HER? I KNOW SHE DIED.
I KNOW BECAUSE CONNOR TOLD ME.
CONNOR
KILLED CONNOR.

CONNOR MUST BE ALIVE. DAD VISITED. DAD DIDN'T KILL ME.
IT WASN'T YOU.
FELT LIKE ME. REMEMBER IT.
TASTE STILL IN MY MOUTH.
ANOTHER GUEST.
YOU CAN'T STOP THINKING ABOUT IT. I GET IT. I MEAN, I DON'T GET IT, I'VE NEVER DRANK BLOOD OR TRIED TO END EXISTENCE, BUT IT WEIGHS ON YOU.
SORRY IF I'M ROOTING AROUND YOUR HEAD. I THOUGHT YOU COULD USE SOME COMPANY. AND I GOTTA SAY, SPIKE WAS RIGHT, NON-HELL GUNN IS WAY DIFFERENT THAN HELL GUNN. WAY LESS MONOLOGUES. SLIGHTLY MORE DROOL.
SPEAKING OF SPIKE, I RAN AN IDEA BY HIM, AND HE KINDA SNORTED AND MOCKED ME IN AGREEMENT—
—BUT I'M FROM THIS PLACE. THEY HELP SUPERNATURAL BEINGS WITH EMOTIONAL ISSUES. IT USED TO BE AWFUL. BUT SPIKE HELPED MAKE IT A WHOLE NEW BAG. IT'S WALL-TO-WALL FREAKS AND WHATNOT, AND THEY REALLY DO HELP.

I KNOW THAT TECHNICALLY YOU'RE NOT SUPERNATURAL ANYMORE. BUT THEY HAVE A LOT OF VAMPIRES, WEREWOLVES, ALL SORTS OF DEMONS, AND ONE OF THE FIRST THINGS THEY TACKLE IS HELPING YOU COPE WITH THE—
—GUILT.
ANYWAY, WHEN YOU'RE UP AND ABOUT, IF YOU WANT, YOU CAN CHECK IT OUT. LEFT THE ADDRESS IN YOUR HEAD.

EVENTUALLY...
...VISITORS COME LESS AND LESS.
GETTING ON WITH THEIR LIVES? HOPE SO.
ALL ALONE.
JUSTICE IS UPON YOU, ATTEMPTED DESTROYER OF EXISTENCE!
YOU WILL NEVER
AAAAAAK—
EXCEPT FOR HER.
SHE NEVER LEAVES.
ALWAYS WATCHING OVER ME.


CAN ALWAYS FEEL HER STARE.


A LOOK OF DEATH FROM ACROSS THE STREET.

WHAT *IS* THAT THING? WHAT IS IT DOING IN SILVERLAKE?
WHAT THING? *ILLYRIA?* EVERYONE KNOWS SHE'S THERE.
CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS
CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS
CRIME SCENE DO NOT CROSS

WHAT IS IT? *WHAT?* WANT TO JUMP UP, WANT TO HELP, WANT TO FIGHT. PATHETIC. BROKEN HUMAN BODY.

WHATEVER IT IS—
—SHE CAN HANDLE IT.
MAN.
I THOUGHT SHE'D NEVER LEAVE.
WHAT IS THAT...? CHEAP PERFUME. LOTS OF IT.
YOU'RE LOOKING—
I'M SEARCHING FOR A NICE WAY TO SAY "LIKE CRAP."
—DIFFERENT, YOU'RE LOOKING DIFFERENT.
NON. FORMER LORD. POWER-PLAYER.

LOOK AT US.
I USED TO BE A LORD OF THE MOST POSH SPOT IN LOS ANGELES AND YOU USED TO BE A VAMPIRE AND AWAKE. HELL WAS SO MUCH COOLER, HUH?
I REALIZE LAST TIME WE MET—
"—OUR CHEMISTRY WAS A BIT WANTING—"
AH, WELL, COULDA WOULDA SHOULDA. YOU WERE MIFFED BECAUSE I YOINKED ILLYRIA. WELL, SHE SHOWED ME, SHE RIPPED MY SADECKI DEMON'S HEAD RIGHT OFF. AND THEN SPIKE WENT AND KNOCKED MY KEPPE OFF. A BIT REPETITIVE, I THINK.
OUR HEADS ARE BACK BUT THE SADECKI DEMON ISN'T TALKING TO ME, IT'S A WHOLE THING.
NOW THAT SHE'S CLOSER, NOT JUST PERFUME.
DIRT. TRASH. FILTH.
I HAD MY TEMPORARY FATE COMING, I SUCKED THE LIFE RIGHT OUTTA SPIKE'S STUPID FLOCK. YOU SHOULDA SEEN IT, WHAT A TRIP.
THEY ALL GOT ALL... I CAN'T DO THE FACE, BUT THEY GOT ALL SCREAMING AND DYING AND BEGGING AND DECOMPOSING. IT'S A GIFT.
THING ABOUT ME, THOUGH.

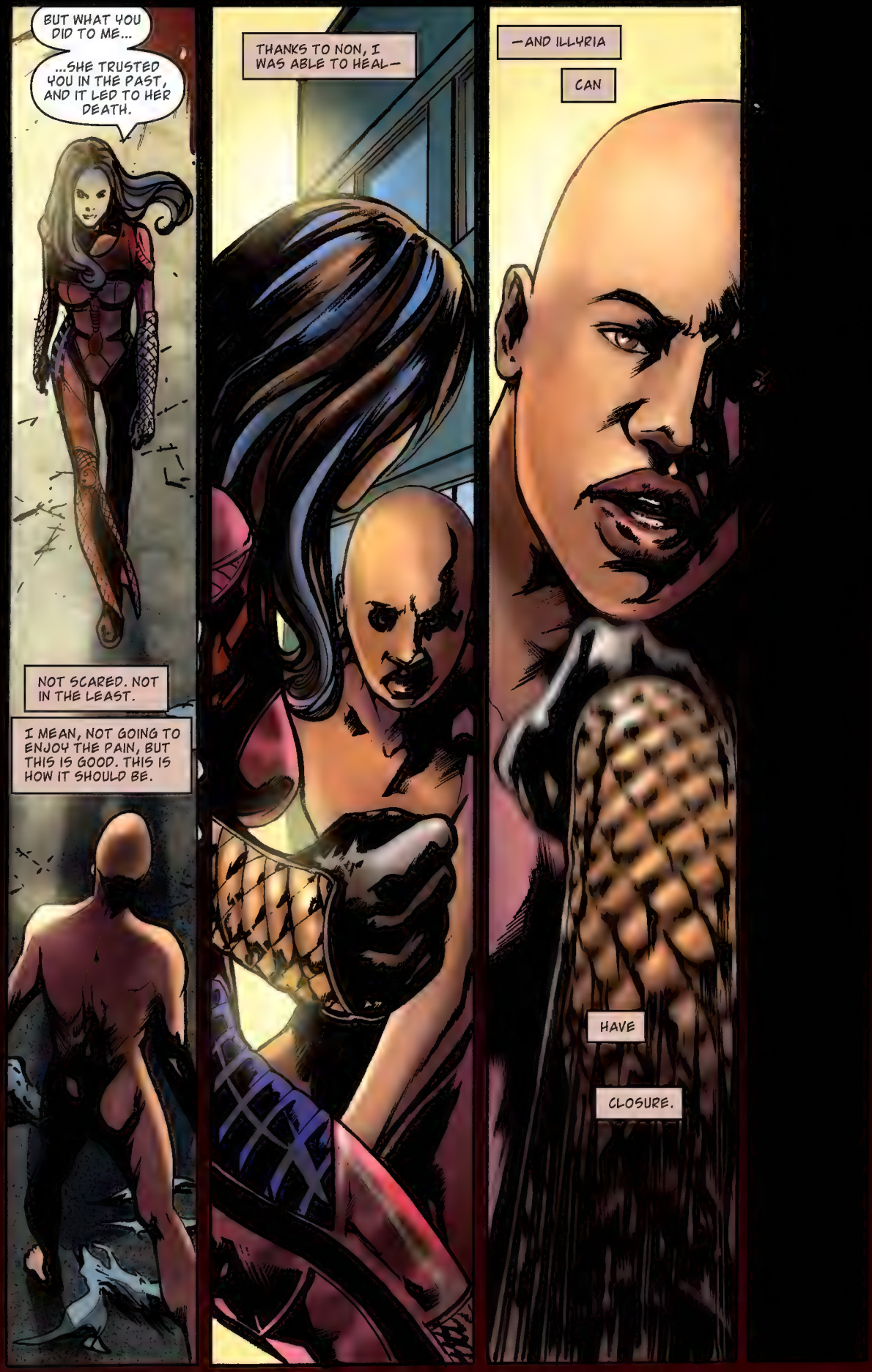
I DON'T JUST TAKETH AWAY.
WHAT IS THAT—?
WHEN THE MOOD STRIKES ME, I GIVETH.
AAAAAAAAAR
WHAT IS SHE DOING? HEART RACING, SHE'S KILLING ME!
IT'S A TRIP, RIGHT?
GAAAAAAA
CHEST ON FIRE. FACE BURNING...
...THIS IS IT, THIS IS IT.
WAIT...
...NO...
...NOT DEATH.

NOT DEATH.
WORSE.
I'M HEALED.
DAMN YOU.
IT'S A BOY!
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?
IT WAS AMAZING, RIGHT?
WHY DID YOU DO THAT?!

ARE YOU SERIOUS? YOU'RE PEEVED? GUNN, YOU LED THE BADDEST GANG IN HELL, YOU WERE FEARED, YOU WERE AMAZING.
WORD IN THE GUTTERS WAS YOU PRACTICALLY MADE EXISTENCE YOUR BITCH.
SO NOW WE'RE PLOPPED BACK INTO OUR SAD REALITY AND YOU LOST THE BITE.
BUT I BELIEVE IN YOU. WE CAN RECLAIM THE GLORY, WE CAN PLANT THE FLAG, LET'S HAVE OURSELVES A GOOD, OLD-FASHIONED, SUPER-VILLAIN TEAM-UP AND WIN THE DAMN DAY, WHAT DO YOU SAY?
OKAY, SO YOU HAVE TO MULL OVER MY OFFER, I GET IT. BUT WHY ARE YOU FIGHTING IT, LET ME TAKE THE BRUNT OF THE FALL, STOP TRYING TO SPIN ME AROUND, YOU'RE A MEASLY HUMAN—
WHAT IS WRONG WITH YOU?!

I...
...I WON'T HELP YOU. I COULDN'T IF I WANTED TO.
THIS IS NOT HOW IT'S GOING TO BE! NO ONE DOES WHAT YOU DID WITHOUT HAVING THE DEVIL INSIDE!
I NEED YOUR HELP, GUNN! I WASN'T THIS! I AM HUNGRY AND I AM HOMELESS AND I AM—
—STARVING!
YOU ARE EVIL! PLEASE, GUNN, YOU ARE EVIL!
NON—
STOP IT.
ILLYRIA—
WELL, FUDGE.
CHARLES, A MOMENT.

YOU WERE SUPPOSED TO KEEP HER BUSY FOR A WHILE, KENNY! YOU SAID YOU COULD—
I SAID I MIGHT BE ABLE TO, YOU DESPERATE WOMAN. BUT THEN SHE SUCKER-PUNCHED ME. SUCKER-PUNCHED A LOT. AND PLEASE DON'T USE MY REAL NAME, I DON'T WANT TO DRAG MY FAMILY INTO THIS.
FINE, I'LL HANDLE IT. THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE. I HAVE A BONE TO PICK WITH ILLYRIA, ANYWAY. SO LET'S RUMBLE, LADY. BUT REMEMBER, THIS ISN'T HELL, WHAT HAPPENS HERE IS PERMANENT—
QUIET.
CHARLES. YOU'RE AWAKE. HEALED. GOOD. I FELT REMORSE FOR YOUR SITUATION.
THANK YOU.
THIS IS IT.


BUT WHAT YOU DID TO ME...
...SHE TRUSTED YOU IN THE PAST, AND IT LED TO HER DEATH.
NOT SCARED. NOT IN THE LEAST.
I MEAN, NOT GOING TO ENJOY THE PAIN, BUT THIS IS GOOD. THIS IS HOW IT SHOULD BE.
THANKS TO NON, I WAS ABLE TO HEAL—
—AND ILLYRIA
CAN
HAVE
CLOSURE.

ALIVE. AGAIN.
SO SHE WOULDN'T LET YOU KILL ME.
SHE'S NOT IN MY HEAD, IT WASN'T FRED DIRECTLY. BUT WESLEY AND SPIKE'S MEMORIES OF HER, THEY'RE WHISPERING IN MY EAR.
THEY WORSHIPPED HER, YOU KNOW. SHE DIDN'T EVEN HAVE TO THREATEN THEM. I CANNOT POSSIBLY BE EXPECTED TO LIVE UP TO WHAT THIS FACE DEMANDS. I TRIED TO MAKE IT RIGHT, BUT MY FACE GREW BACK.
I RESTRAINED MYSELF. BUT I HAVE WRITTEN A LIST OF THE WAYS I COULD HAVE KILLED YOU. IF PUSHED, I WILL CONSULT THE LIST AND CHOOSE THE MOST PAINFUL.
YOU DRESSED ME. THAT WAS NICE OF YOU.
THE SHOPKEEP DIDN'T THINK SO. HE WEPT AND COWERED.
Skin Alive
Rip in Two
Crushing Skull
Choking slowly
Beat to a pulp
Decapitate
Disembowling
Dismembering
Stomp on his head
Crack every bone
Bleeding to death
Bulverizing bones

PART OF ME, THE IMPORTANT PART, WANTS YOU DEAD. BUT KILLING YOU WOULDN'T SOLVE ANYTHING. IN FACT, IT WOULD MAKE ME...
...I WOULDN'T LIKE IT. I AM INFECTED WITH HUMANITY.
NO, YOU'RE NOT.
YOU'RE—
DID YOU—
BREAK THE WINDOW? YEAH. TAKE DOWN THE T-REX? THAT WAS HER. HURL THE DEMON LADY INTO THE SKY? ALSO HER. STEAL CLOTHES? I'LL TAKE THE BRUNT OF THAT ONE. COULD WE HAVE A FEW MOMENTS?
SURE, OKAY—
YOU'RE NOT INFECTED WITH HUMANITY. I'VE BEEN IN THIS BED FOR A WHILE NOW. DOING NOTHING BUT THINKING OF WHAT I DID IN HELL.
YOU ARE WEAK LIKE FRED. YOU ARE RIDDLED WITH GUILT.
NOT JUST GUILT.
I MISS IT.

I WAS A SOULLESS DEMON WHO GOT OFF ON HURTING OTHER PEOPLE. FELT EUPHORIA EVERY TIME I TASTED SOMEONE. I LOVED WATCHING, CAUSING, BEING DEATH. AND THEN, IT WAS JUST GONE. NO SOUL-RESTORATION, NO SOUL-CLEANSING, NO HEALING. I JUST WASN'T *THAT* ANYMORE.
IT'S ALL SO VIVID, LIKE IT WAS FIVE MINUTES AGO. THE GUILT, YEAH, OVERWHELMING, BUT SO IS THE WITHDRAWAL. I DON'T LITERALLY WANT BLOOD, I JUST...
...I THINK MAYBE NON WAS RIGHT. THE DEVIL IS INSIDE.
MAYBE IT WOULD BE BETTER FOR EVERYONE IF YOU KILLED ME.
CHARLES...
...SAY THAT AGAIN AND MAKE IT ALL RIGHT TO KILL YOU. IF YOU REQUEST IT, IT WOULD BE ACCEPTABLE. I'D BE HELPING.
NO.

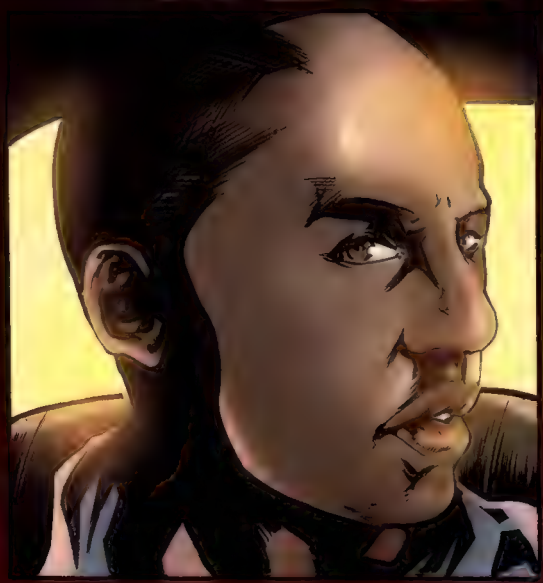
AND DON'T KID YOURSELF, EVEN IF I GAVE IT THE OKAY, YOU'D FEEL TERRIBLE. MUST BE ENOUGH MEMORIES OF FRED THAT CLUE YOU IN ON WHO SHE WAS. IF I CAME TO HER, THIS DESPERATE, EVEN AFTER EVERYTHING I DID, THE LAST THING SHE'D DO IS KILL ME. SHE'D... SHE'D DROP EVERYTHING AND SHE'D—
I KNOW WHAT SHE'D DO AND THAT IS EXACTLY WHY I WANT HER GONE. IT'S TOO CONFUSING TO CARE.
IT CAN BE, YEAH.
SO WHAT AM I SUPPOSED TO DO NOW? WHERE DO I GO?
MOSAIC REHABILITATION FACILITY FOR THE SUPERNATURAL
MOSAIC
I THINK YOU'LL FIND MOSAIC CAN HANDLE EVEN THE MOST... UNPREDICTABLE OF BEINGS. TO TELL YOU THE TRUTH, WE'VE WANTED HER SINCE WE HEARD ABOUT HER ANTICS IN HELL.
NOT TO SOUND TOO SUPERFICIAL, BUT SHE'D BE QUITE THE FEATHER IN OUR CAP.
YEAH, WELL, WE'RE TALKING ABOUT ONE SERIOUSLY UNSTABLE FEATHER. SHE COULD VERY EASILY, YOU KNOW, KILL ALL THE OTHER FEATHERS BEFORE BREAKFAST.
WE'RE PREPARED.

FROM PIG BLOOD FOR THE VAMPIRES TO RAW MEAT FOR THE WEREWOLVES TO OTHERWORLDLY MEALY WORMS FOR OUR SPLENDEN BEASTS, WE CAN CUT THE CRAVINGS THAT LEAD TO VIOLENT OUTBURSTS.
I COULD COOK THAT A LITTLE FOR YOU, MARV. BE LESS GROSS FOR EVERYONE INVOLVED. MARV, PLEASE?
NOT REALLY WHAT I'M TALKING ABOUT. THIS GIRL IS—
TROUBLED? WE'VE SEEN IT ALL.
—"TROUBLED" DOESN'T COME CLOSE, NO. I THINK MAYBE BRINGING HER HERE MIGHT HAVE BEEN A MISTAKE.
IF SHE CAN BE REHABILITATED, SHE'LL BE REHABILITATED. IF NOT, SHE WILL BE DEALT WITH OTHER WAYS.
WE BETTER NOT BE KILLED SECONDS BEFORE YOU REALIZE SHE CAN'T BE REHABILITATED.
IT WILL BE FINE, GEORGE. THAT'S WHY WE HAD HER SHACK UP WITH ANNA. ANNA MUTES POWERS, DOESN'T SHE, ANNA?
STOP PATRONIZING ME, AND YES, I DO. BUT IF I'M ROOMIES WITH THIS NUTBAR, I GET UNLIMITED WEEKEND PASSES, YES?
I'M INSANE?

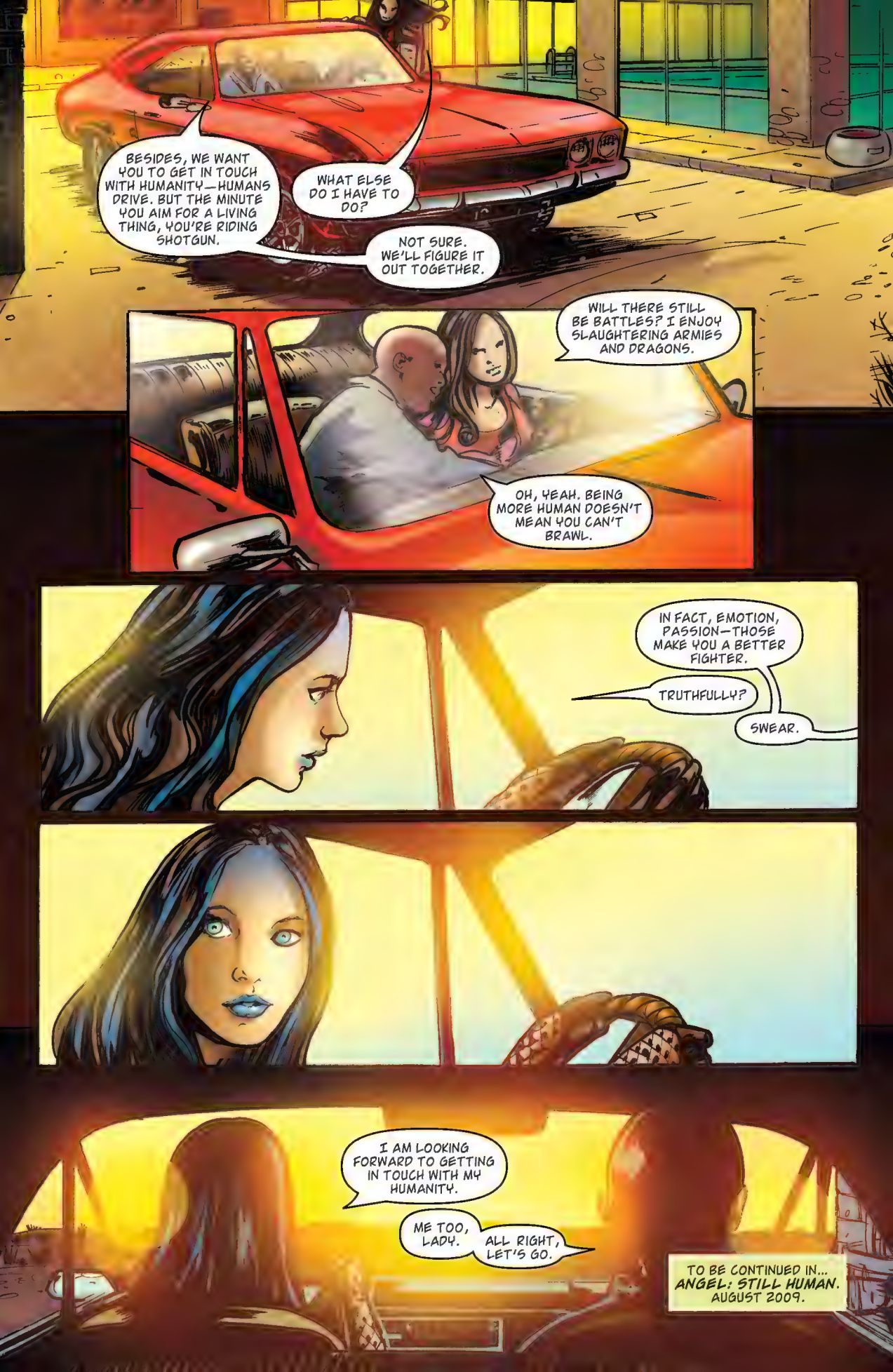
YOU ASKED ME IF IT WOULD BE OKAY TO BEDAZZLE MY STRAIGHT-JACKET AND I'M INSANE?
WE SHOULD GET HER INTO THILBAULT'S GROUP THERAPY, STAT. SHE'S GOT ISSUES. ALSO, IS IT COOL IF I DO HER NAILS?
IT'S VERY COOL, ANNA. I THINK WE'D ALL LIKE THAT.
I DEFINITELY WOULD NOT.
I SWEAR, GUNN, THREE SQUARES A DAY AND A ROOF ASIDE, IF THIS DOESN'T WORK OUT I AM FINDING YOU AND I AM—
YO, GUNN.
YEAH.
GLAD TO SEE YOU'RE UP AND ABOUT. YOU OKAY?
NOT EVEN CLOSE, GEORGE.
BUT SLIGHTLY CLOSER THAN YESTERDAY.

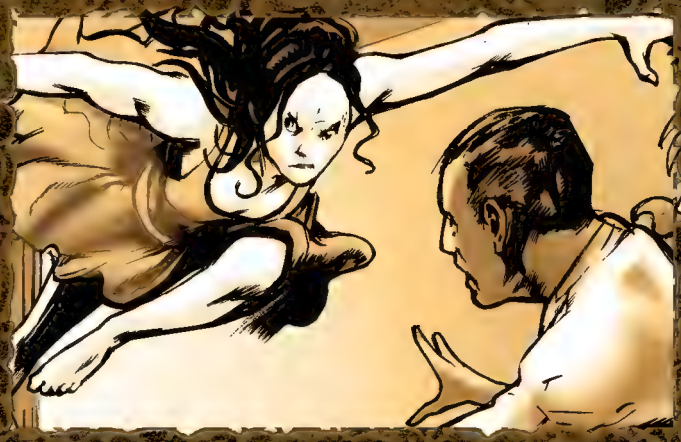
WE'LL COME BACK AND CHECK UP ON HER.
WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KILL HER.
MAYBE. PROBABLY. BUT FOR NOW WE DO WHAT FRED WOULD WANT US TO DO. WE TRY AND HELP.

I WANT TO CONTROL IT.
THE CAR? YOU WANT TO DRIVE? YOU DON'T KNOW HOW.
WE'RE SURROUNDED BY NOTHING BUT VAST EMPTINESS. THAT IS AN IDEAL SITUATION TO LEARN.

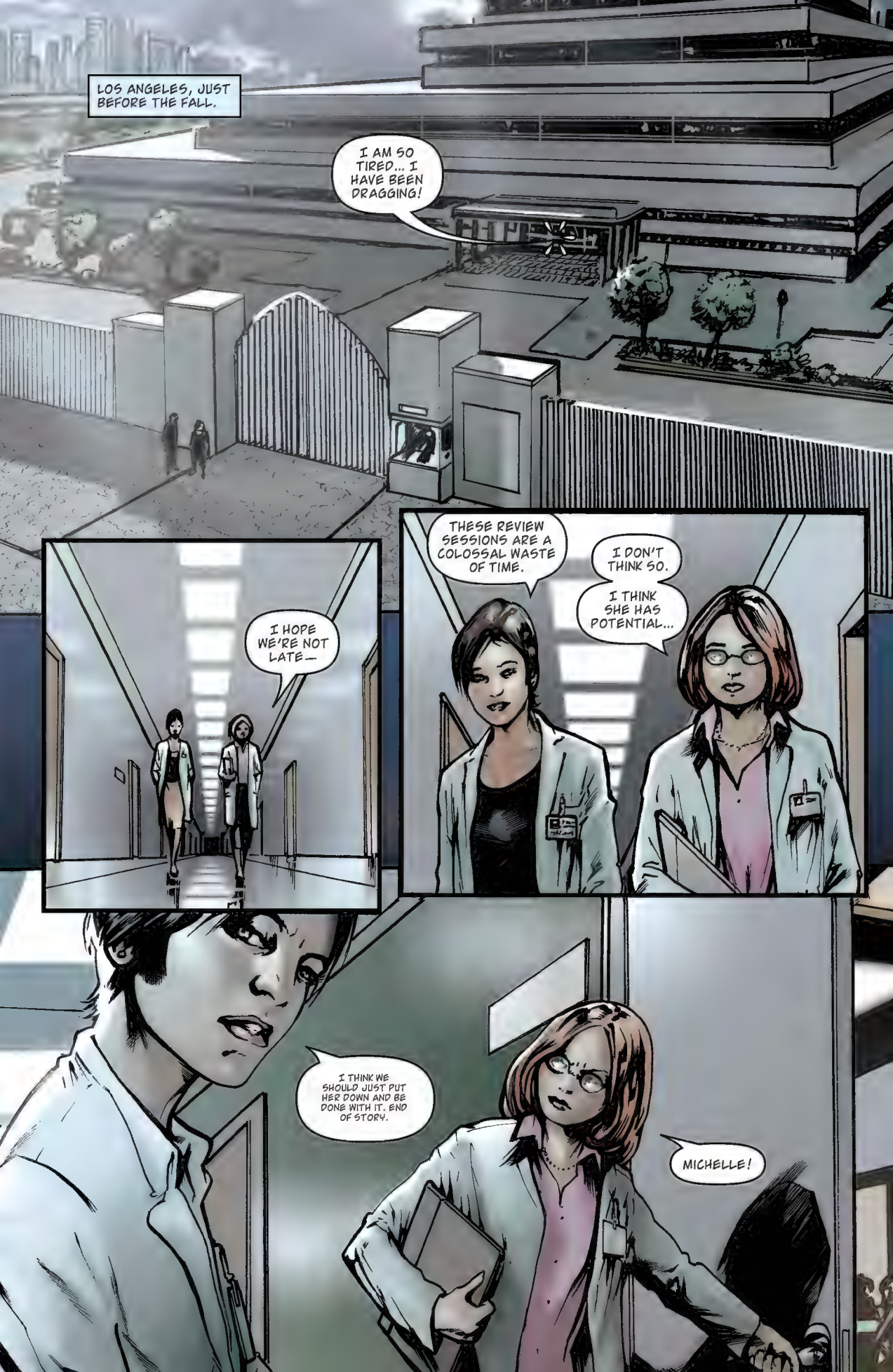


YOU KNOW WHAT? YOU'RE RIGHT.


BESIDES, WE WANT YOU TO GET IN TOUCH WITH HUMANITY—HUMANS DRIVE. BUT THE MINUTE YOU AIM FOR A LIVING THING, YOU'RE RIDING SHOTGUN.
WHAT ELSE DO I HAVE TO DO?
NOT SURE. WE'LL FIGURE IT OUT TOGETHER.
WILL THERE STILL BE BATTLES? I ENJOY SLAUGHTERING ARMIES AND DRAGONS.
OH, YEAH. BEING MORE HUMAN DOESN'T MEAN YOU CAN'T BRAWL.
IN FACT, EMOTION, PASSION—THOSE MAKE YOU A BETTER FIGHTER.
TRUTHFULLY?
SWEAR.
I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING IN TOUCH WITH MY HUMANITY.
ME TOO, LADY.
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GO.
TO BE CONTINUED IN... ANGEL: STILL HUMAN. AUGUST 2009.

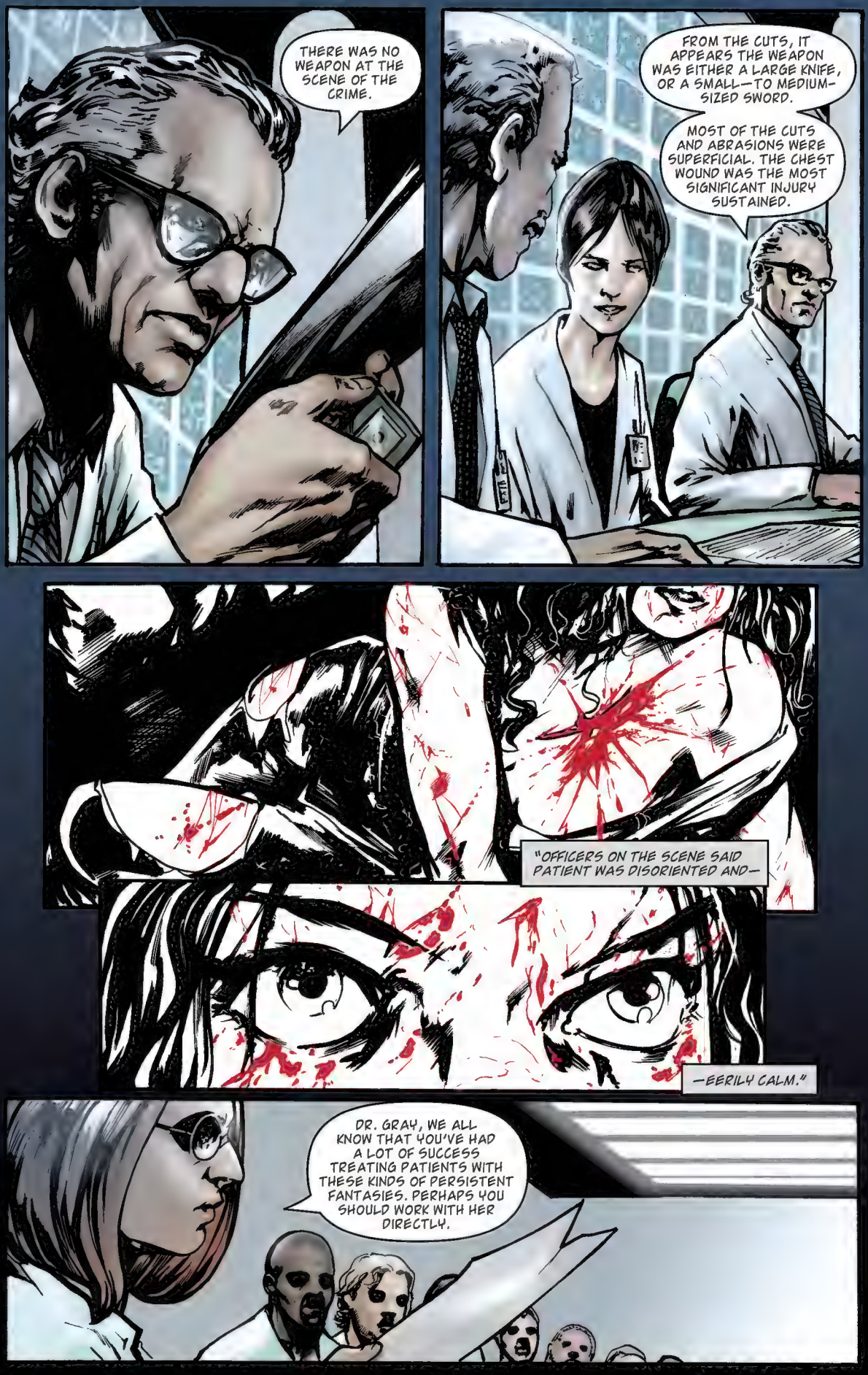


chapter two


LOS ANGELES, JUST BEFORE THE FALL.
I AM SO TIRED... I HAVE BEEN DRAGGING!
I HOPE WE'RE NOT LATE—
THESE REVIEW SESSIONS ARE A COLOSSAL WASTE OF TIME.
I DON'T THINK SO.
I THINK SHE HAS POTENTIAL...
I THINK WE SHOULD JUST PUT HER DOWN AND BE DONE WITH IT. END OF STORY.
MICHELLE!

GRACE, I'M GLAD YOU MADE IT.
WE'RE JUST ABOUT TO BEGIN...
THANK GOODNESS! THESE REVIEW BOARDS ARE SO HELPFUL!
ALL RIGHT, LET'S GET UNDERWAY...
THE PATIENT HAS GOTTEN MUCH WORSE IN HER TIME HERE. NOTHING WE HAVE DONE HAS ASSUAGED HER DELUSIONS.
QUITE THE CONTRARY. IN FACT, HER DELUSIONS HAVE GROWN MORE COLORFUL AND INTRICATE.
SHE BELIEVES SHE IS A VAMPIRE, THAT SHE'S LIVED FOR 150 YEARS... THAT SHE HAD A PASSIONATE LOVE AFFAIR SPANNING ALMOST THE DURATION.
SHE'S EXTREMELY VIOLENT. ANYTHING CAN SET HER OFF... VERY UNPREDICTABLE.
SHE IS OVER-SEXUALIZED... SEEMS CONFUSED ABOUT THE LINE BETWEEN SEX AND VIOLENCE.

SHE DOESN'T RESPOND TO ANY OF THE MEDS.
NO MATTER THE DOSAGE.
AT LEAST SHE ISN'T SELF-MUTILATING. WHEN THE LAPD FOUND HER...
"...HER ATTACKER WAS NOWHERE TO BE SEEN.
IT'S QUITE POSSIBLE, CONSIDERING THE CIRCUMSTANCES, AND PATIENT'S SUBSEQUENT BEHAVIOR, THAT THE WOUNDS WERE SELF-INFLICTED."


THERE WAS NO WEAPON AT THE SCENE OF THE CRIME.
FROM THE CUTS, IT APPEARS THE WEAPON WAS EITHER A LARGE KNIFE, OR A SMALL—TO MEDIUM-SIZED SWORD.
MOST OF THE CUTS AND ABRASIONS WERE SUPERFICIAL. THE CHEST WOUND WAS THE MOST SIGNIFICANT INJURY SUSTAINED.
"OFFICERS ON THE SCENE SAID PATIENT WAS DISORIENTED AND—
—EERILY CALM."
DR. GRAY, WE ALL KNOW THAT YOU'VE HAD A LOT OF SUCCESS TREATING PATIENTS WITH THESE KINDS OF PERSISTENT FANTASIES. PERHAPS YOU SHOULD WORK WITH HER DIRECTLY.

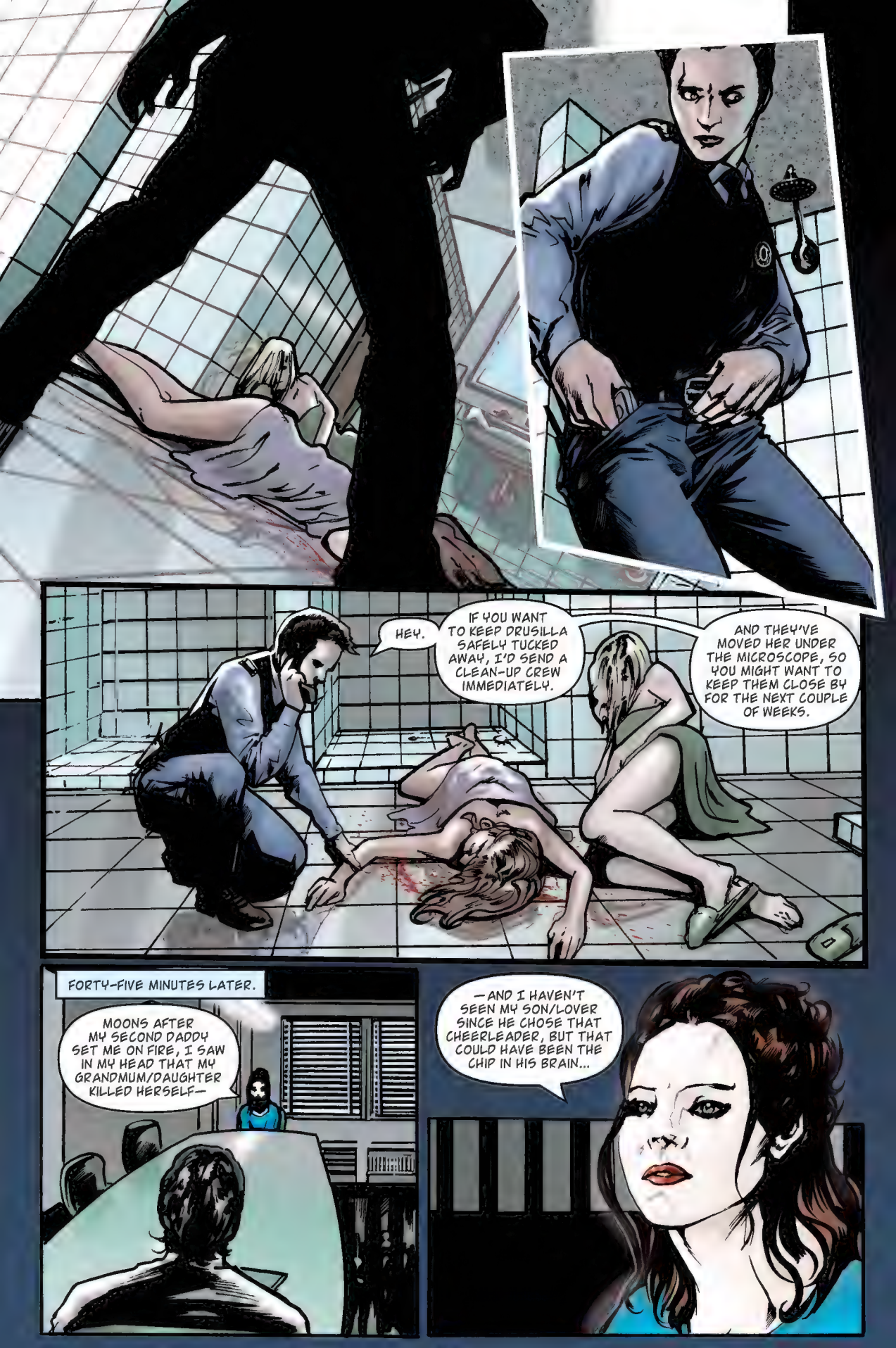
I WANT TO MOVE HER OUT OF WARD C.
HM.
VAMPIRES...

LATER.
THINGS NOT TO GIVE THE PATIENT
TOPICS TO REFRAIN FROM DISCUSSING WITH PATIENT
THINGS NOT TO GIVE THE PATIENT
TOPICS TO REFRAIN FROM DISCUSSING WITH PATIENT

DRUSILLA.
DRUSILLA.

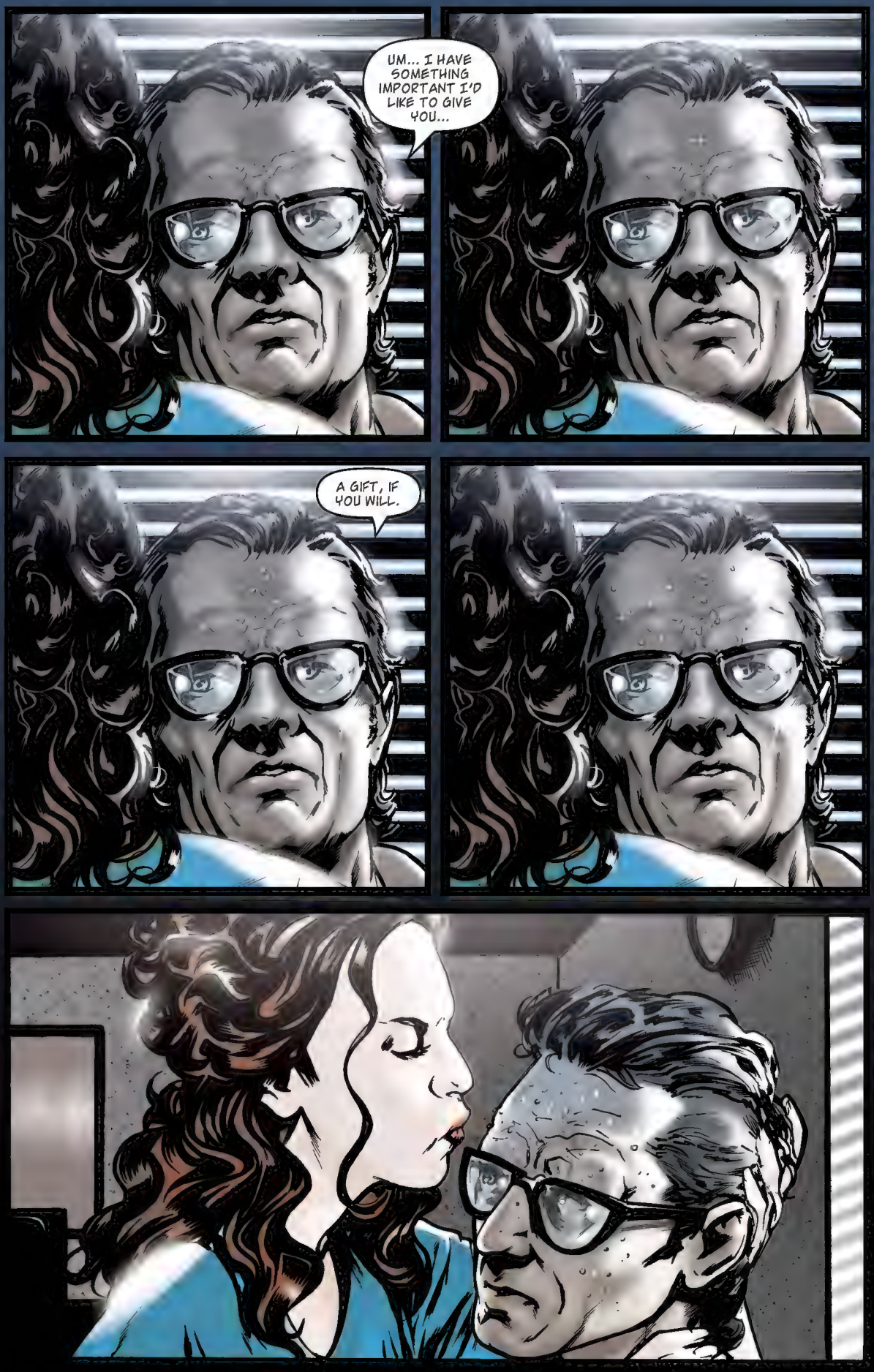
I'D LIKE TO GET YOU CLEANED UP AND TRANSFERRED SOMEWHERE MORE COMFORTABLE. DO YOU PROMISE TO BE A GOOD GIRL? I CAN'T DO THIS IF YOU'RE GOING TO GET AGGRESSIVE.
I CAN'T DO IT UNLESS YOU AGREE.
.....OKAY.

WOMEN
WOW... THAT SHOWER DID YOU A WORLD OF GOOD!
LET'S GO, LITTLE LADY. DR. GRAY WANTS A ONE-ON-ONE ASAP.
YOU COMING?
I'LL CATCH UP.
WOMEN


HEY.
IF YOU WANT TO KEEP DRUSILLA SAFELY TUCKED AWAY, I'D SEND A CLEAN-UP CREW IMMEDIATELY.
AND THEY'VE MOVED HER UNDER THE MICROSCOPE, SO YOU MIGHT WANT TO KEEP THEM CLOSE BY FOR THE NEXT COUPLE OF WEEKS.
FORTY-FIVE MINUTES LATER.
MOONS AFTER MY SECOND DADDY SET ME ON FIRE, I SAW IN MY HEAD THAT MY GRANDMUM/DAUGHTER KILLED HERSELF—
—AND I HAVEN'T SEEN MY SON/LOVER SINCE HE CHOSE THAT CHEERLEADER, BUT THAT COULD HAVE BEEN THE CHIP IN HIS BRAIN...

THAT'S VERY INTERESTING, DRUSILLA. WHAT DO YOU SAY TO US CONCLUDING THE LAST FEW MINUTES OF OUR SESSION OUTSIDE... IN THE DAYLIGHT?
I'VE GOT ANOTHER IDEA...
...WHY DON'T WE...

...STAY AS WE ARE?
DRU... THIS IS, UM...
...THIS IS NOT APPROPRIATE.
OH...
...THAT'S WHY IT'S SO MUCH FUN.


UM... I HAVE SOMETHING IMPORTANT I'D LIKE TO GIVE YOU...
A GIFT, IF YOU WILL.

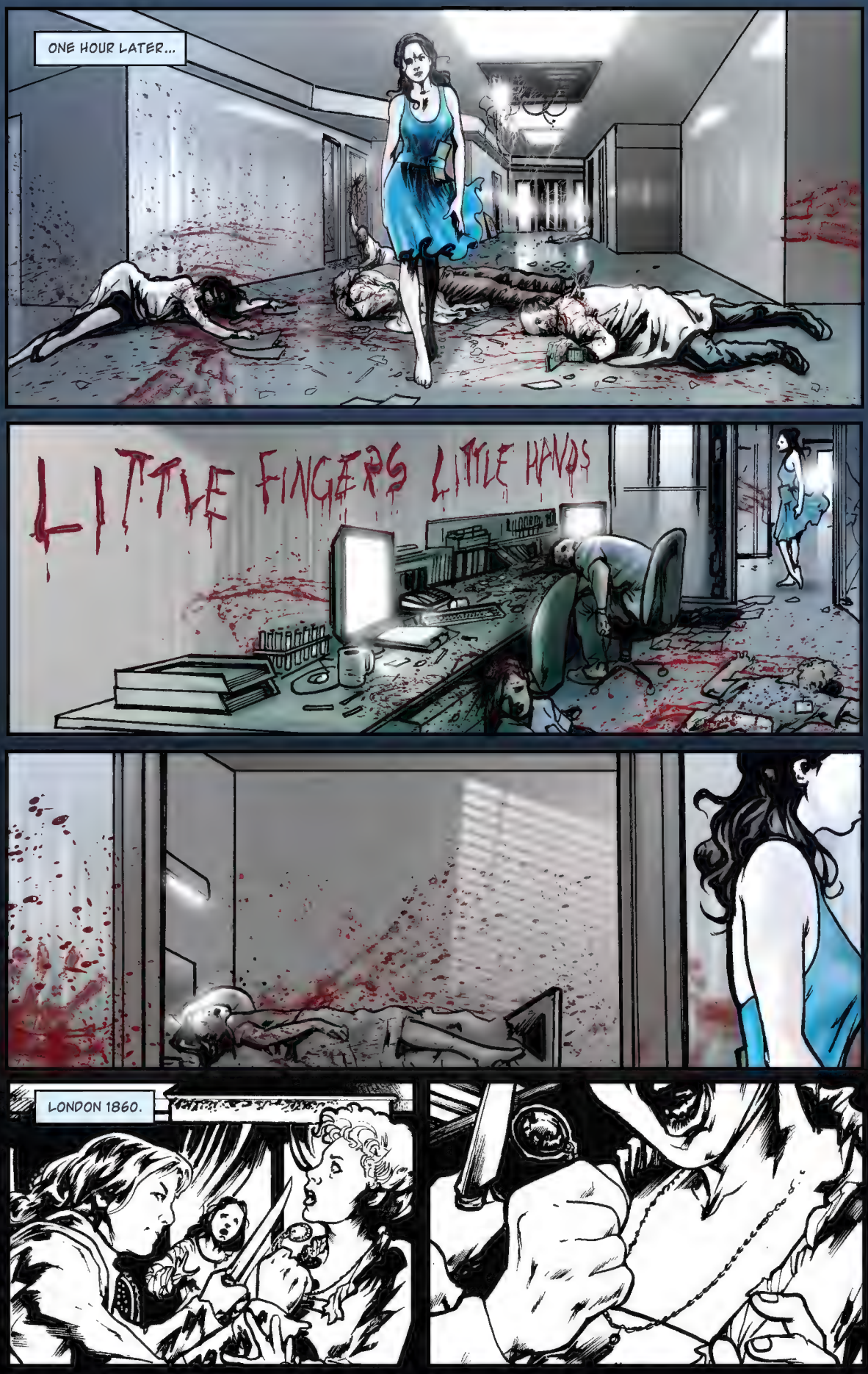
I LIKE PRESENTS AND TREATS...
YES...
...I'D LIKE YOU TO WRITE DOWN YOUR THOUGHTS. OR DRAW THEM, IF YOU CAN'T FIND THE WORDS.
OKAY THEN...
GUYS, YOU CAN TAKE HER TO HER NEW ROOM.
OH... CAN SHE TAKE ME?

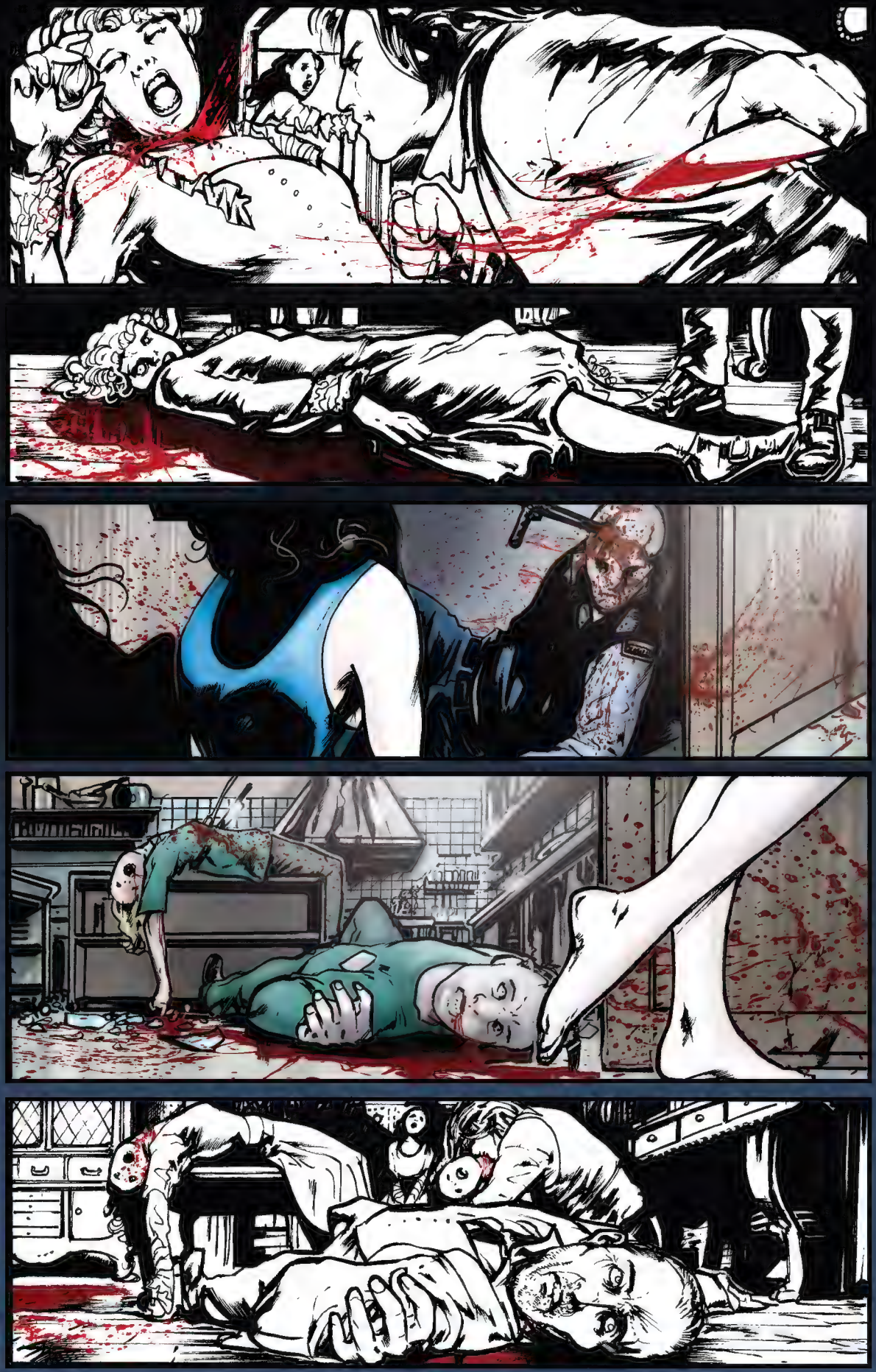
ME—? I HAVE... LOTS OF—
I WAS ABOUT TO...
DR. LUCE, TAKE HER TO HER ROOM.
IT'S GOOD, THAT'S GOOD—
—DRUSILLA'S REACHING OUT, WE SHOULD ENCOURAGE IT.

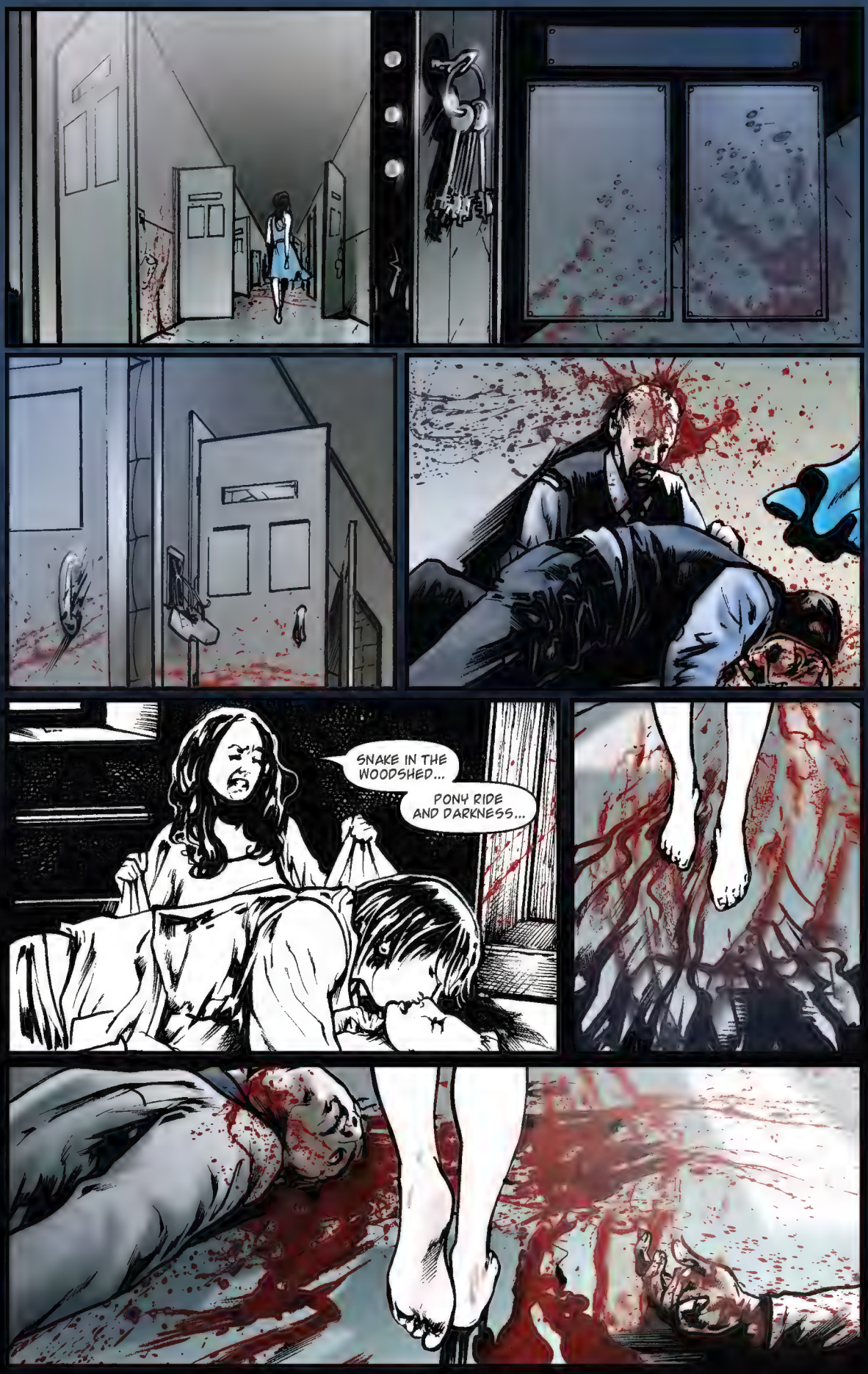
YOU'RE A "COLOSSAL WASTE OF TIME."
HOW COULD YOU KNOW I...
SHHHHH...

"END OF STORY."

CLEAN-UP... WE'RE PAST CLEAN-UP. AT THE RATE SHE'S GOING, WE MAY NEED TO TORCH THE FACILITY TO COVER HER TRACKS AND STASH HER UNDER ANOTHER ROCK.
PSS... PSS... PSS... PSS... PSS...
OH NO...
RUN AND CATCH...
DRUSILLA. HI. WHAT YOU'RE DOING, IT'S FINE, THEY'RE COMPLETELY FINE WITH IT—
RUN AND CATCH—
DRU... PLEASE...
AUTHORIZED PERSONNEL ONLY
SNAP
...THE LAMB IS CAUGHT IN THE BLACKBERRY PATCH...

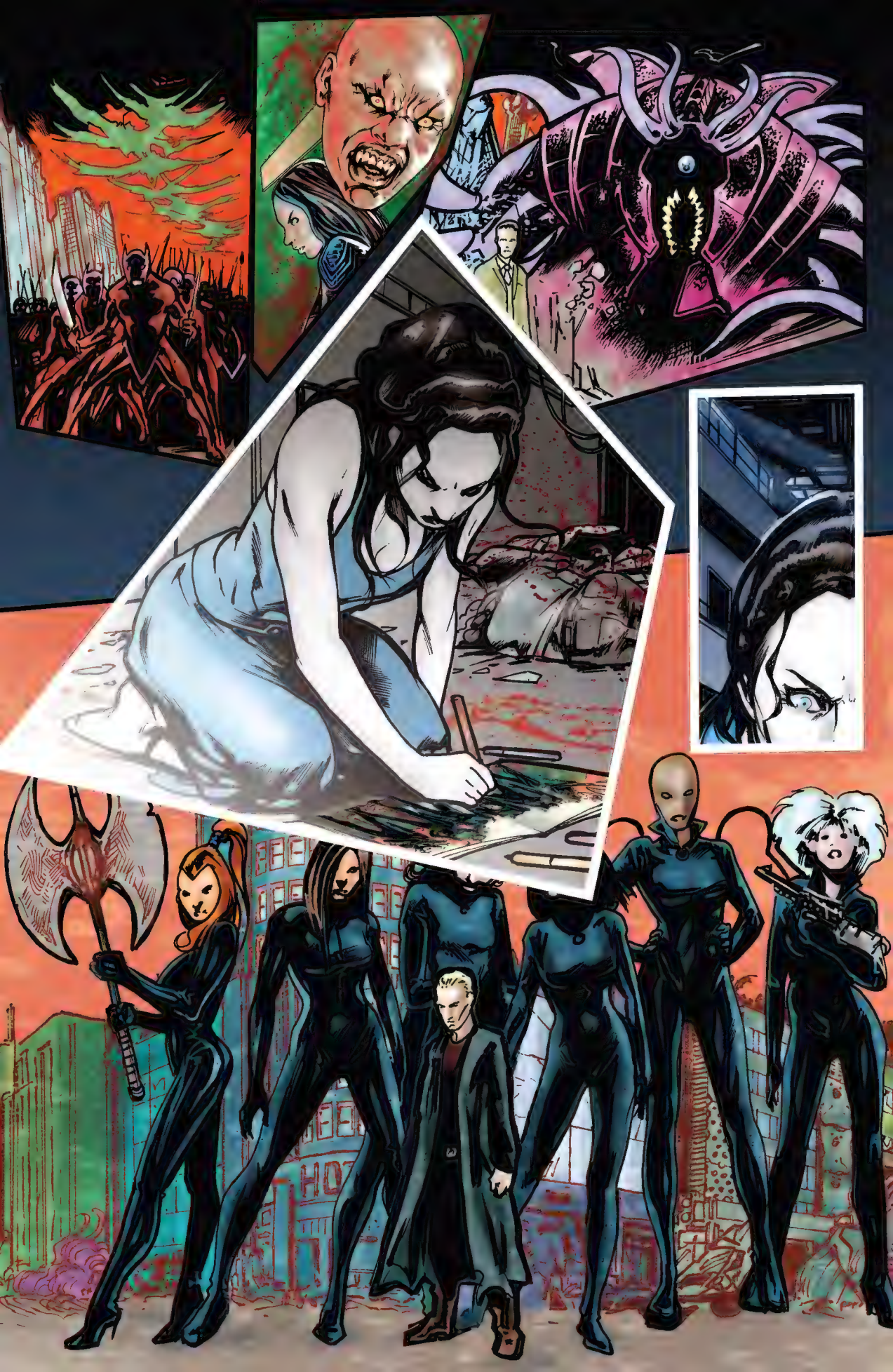

ONE HOUR LATER...
LITTLE FINGERS LITTLE HANDS
LONDON 1860.



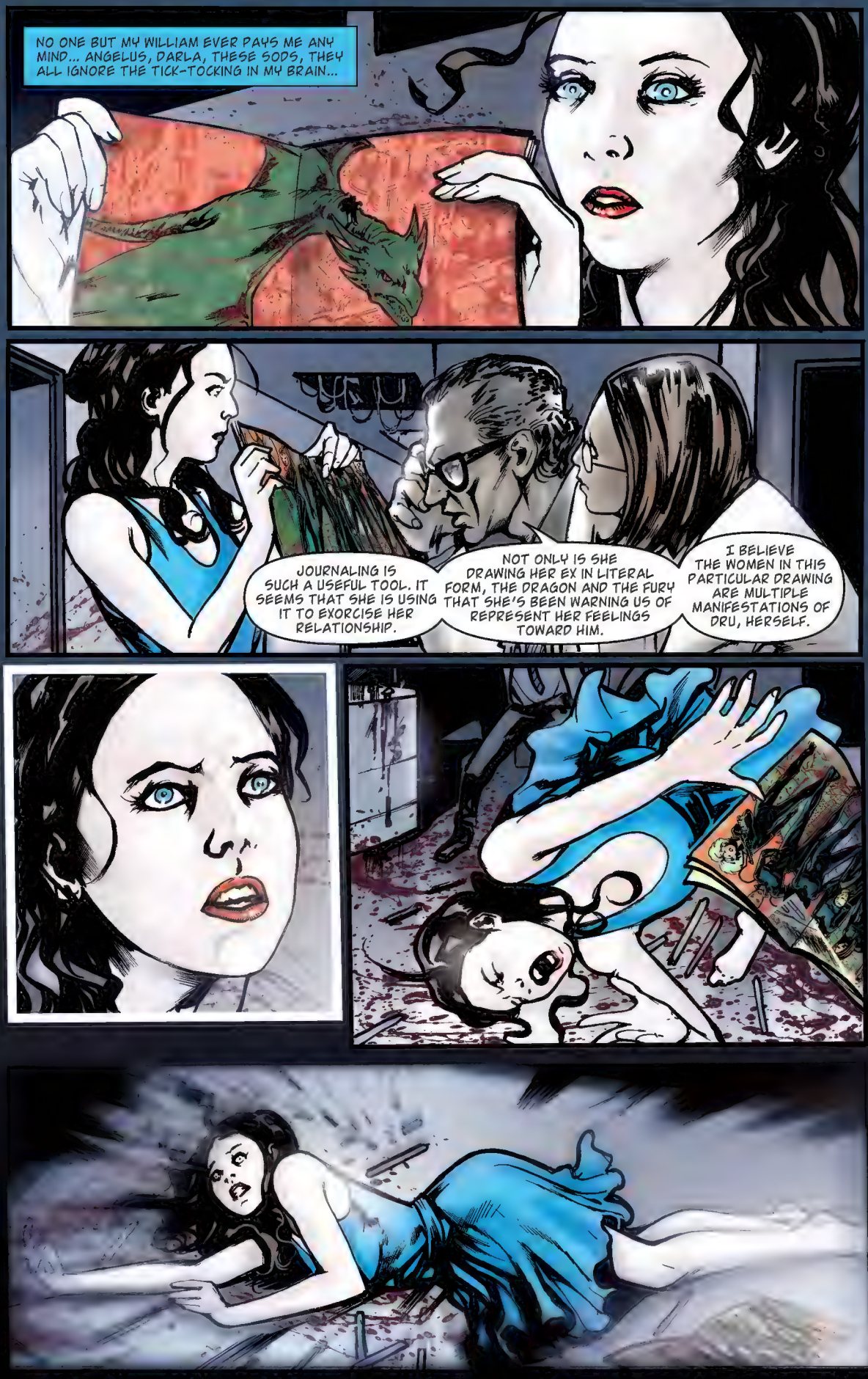

SNAKE IN THE WOODSHED...
PONY RIDE AND DARKNESS...

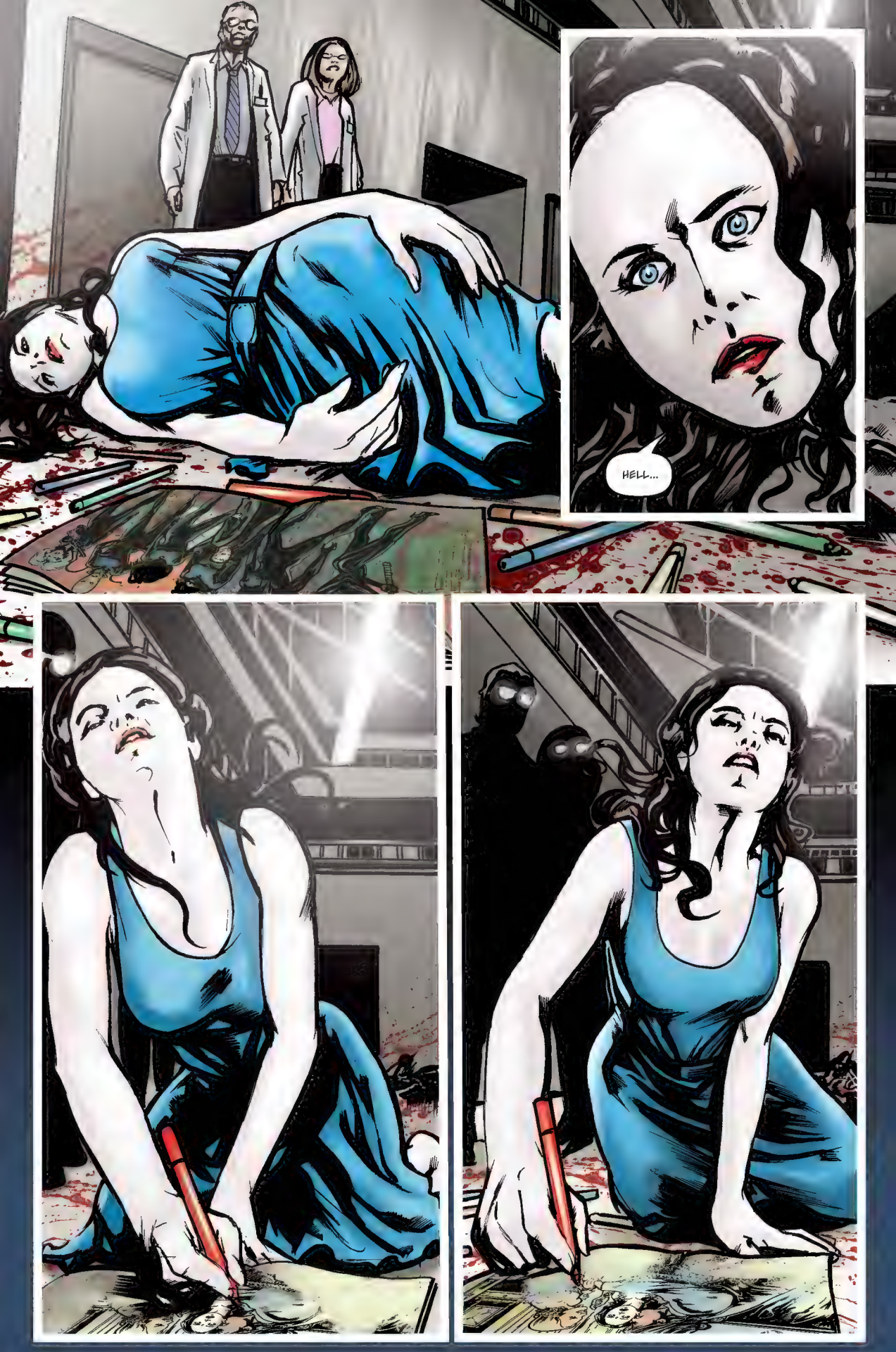
THIS PLACE LOOKS REALLY LOVELY...
...NOTHING LIKE A WOMAN'S TOUCH...
...DON'T YOU AGREE?
MMMM...
NO PLAYMATES...

OOOOOOOOOH!
THE DIRGE IS PLAYING OUT OF TUNE. ALL IS BREAKING LOOSE... FALLING.

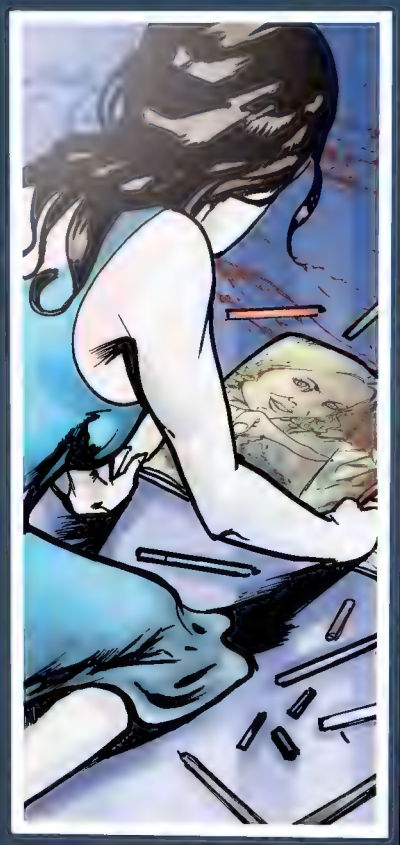


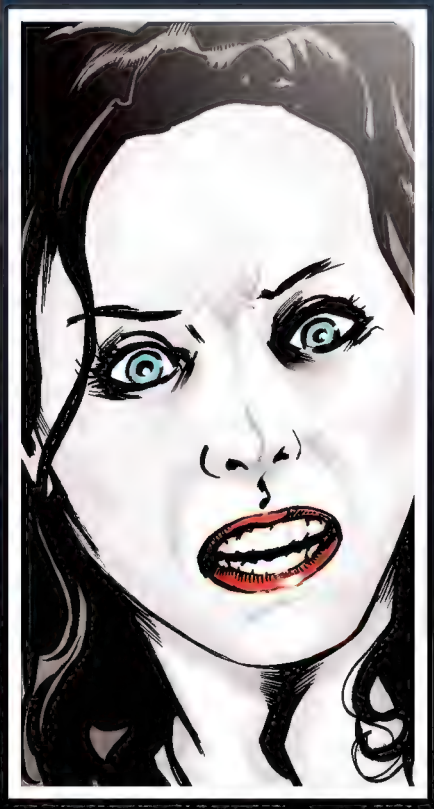
HERE SHE IS...
...WE'VE CALLED THE POLICE.
THEY'LL BE HERE ANY MINUTE, DRU.
OOOOOOOH...
RUN! GO! SAVE YOURSELVES... NOTHING WILL BE AS IT IS. THE FURY... THE PIT...
OH... SHE THINKS SHE'S HAVING PREMONITIONS OR VISIONS OF SOME SORT.

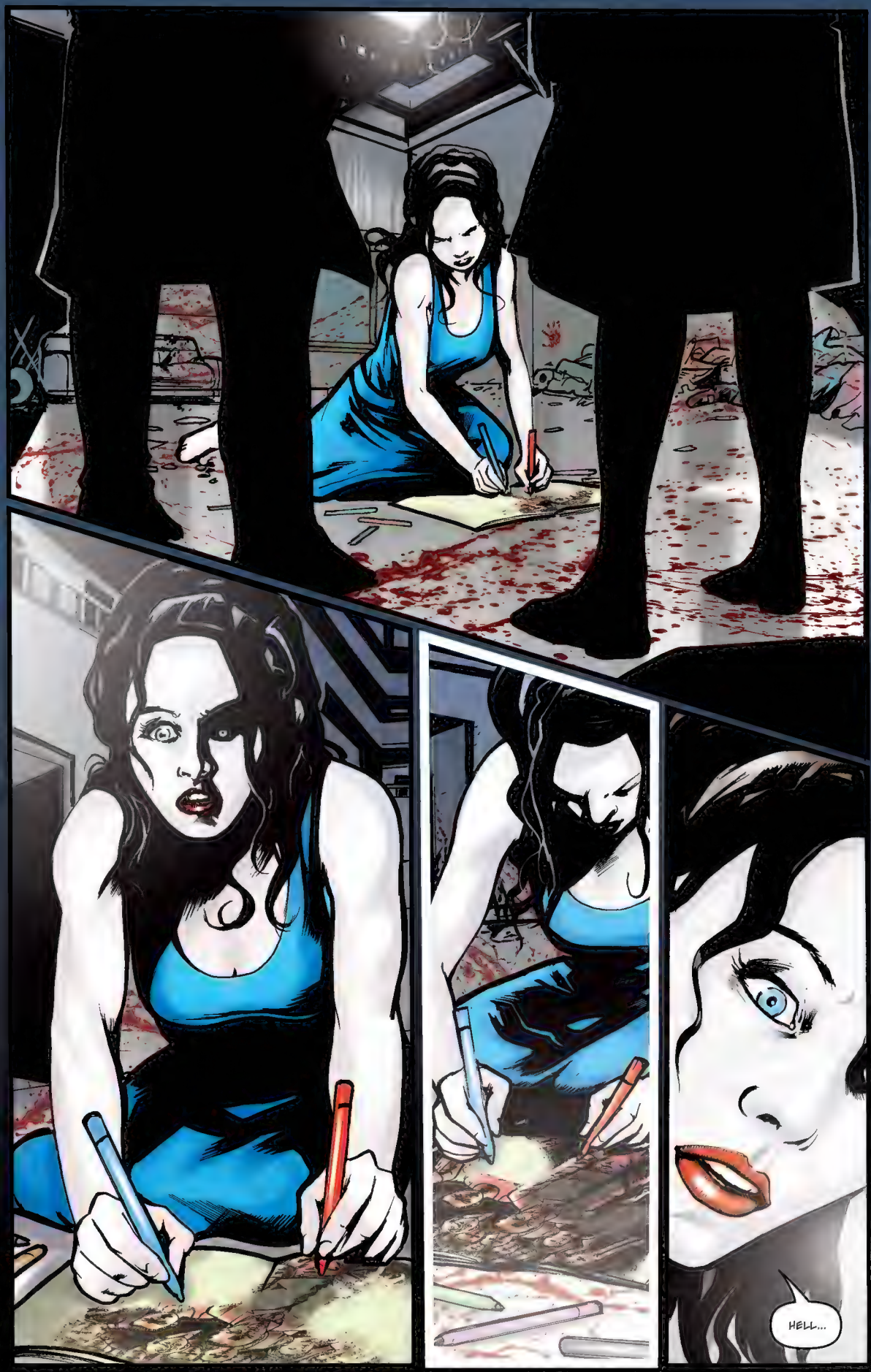

NO ONE BUT MY WILLIAM EVER PAYS ME ANY MIND... ANGELUS, DARLA, THESE SODS, THEY ALL IGNORE THE TICK-TOCKING IN MY BRAIN...
JOURNALING IS SUCH A USEFUL TOOL. IT SEEMS THAT SHE IS USING IT TO EXORCISE HER RELATIONSHIP.
NOT ONLY IS SHE DRAWING HER EX IN LITERAL FORM, THE DRAGON AND THE FURY THAT SHE'S BEEN WARNING US OF REPRESENT HER FEELINGS TOWARD HIM.
I BELIEVE THE WOMEN IN THIS PARTICULAR DRAWING ARE MULTIPLE MANIFESTATIONS OF DRU, HERSELF.


HELL...

TWO HOURS AFTER THE CONVENT.



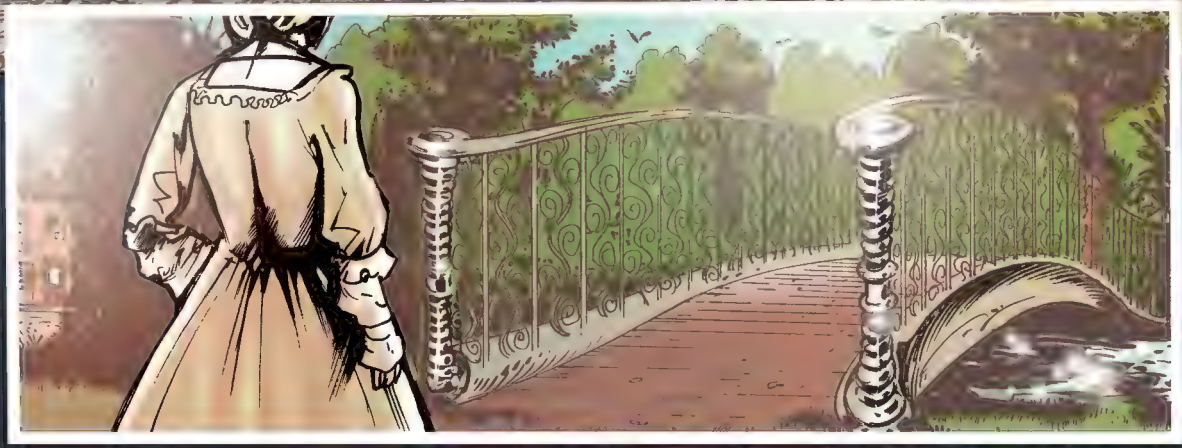


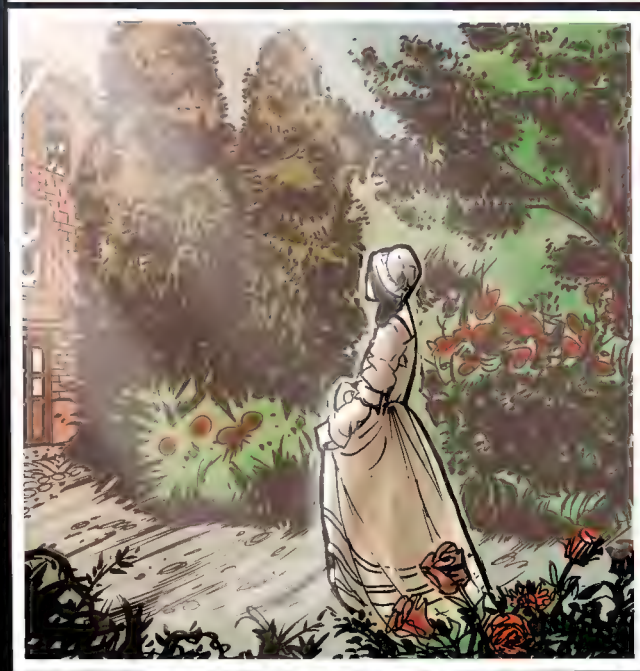

HELL...

IT APPEARS THAT SHE MAY BE DEPICTING A CONSPIRACY OR PERSECUTORY DELUSION INVOLVING MANY PEOPLE. AS YOU KNOW, THIS IS NOT UNCOMMON IN SCHIZOPHRENICS WITH HOMICIDAL TENDENCIES.
DRU, WHAT YOU'RE SEEING IS NOT REAL.
WE CAN HELP YOU...

I TOLD YOU TO RUN...

MAYBE THIS ISN'T SO BAD...





...THE FALL, THE FURY, HELL? HMMM...
Keeble

DRUSILLA, IS THAT YOU? GO UPSTAIRS AND WASH YOUR HANDS. LUNCH IS READY.

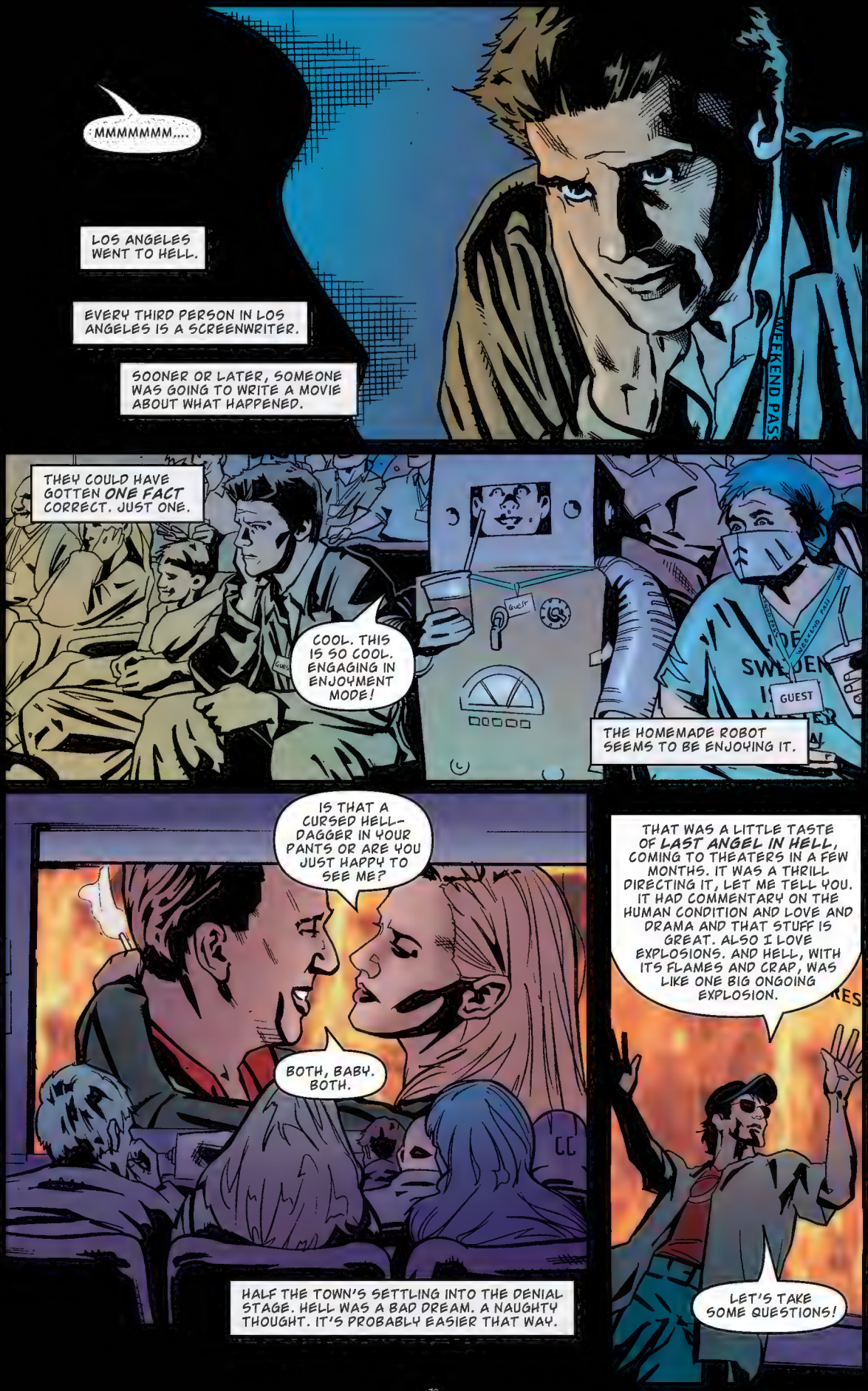
DO I BELIEVE IN ACTUAL HELL. ONE'S OWN MIND IS ACTUAL ENOUGH.
C.S. LEWIS (1898—1963)

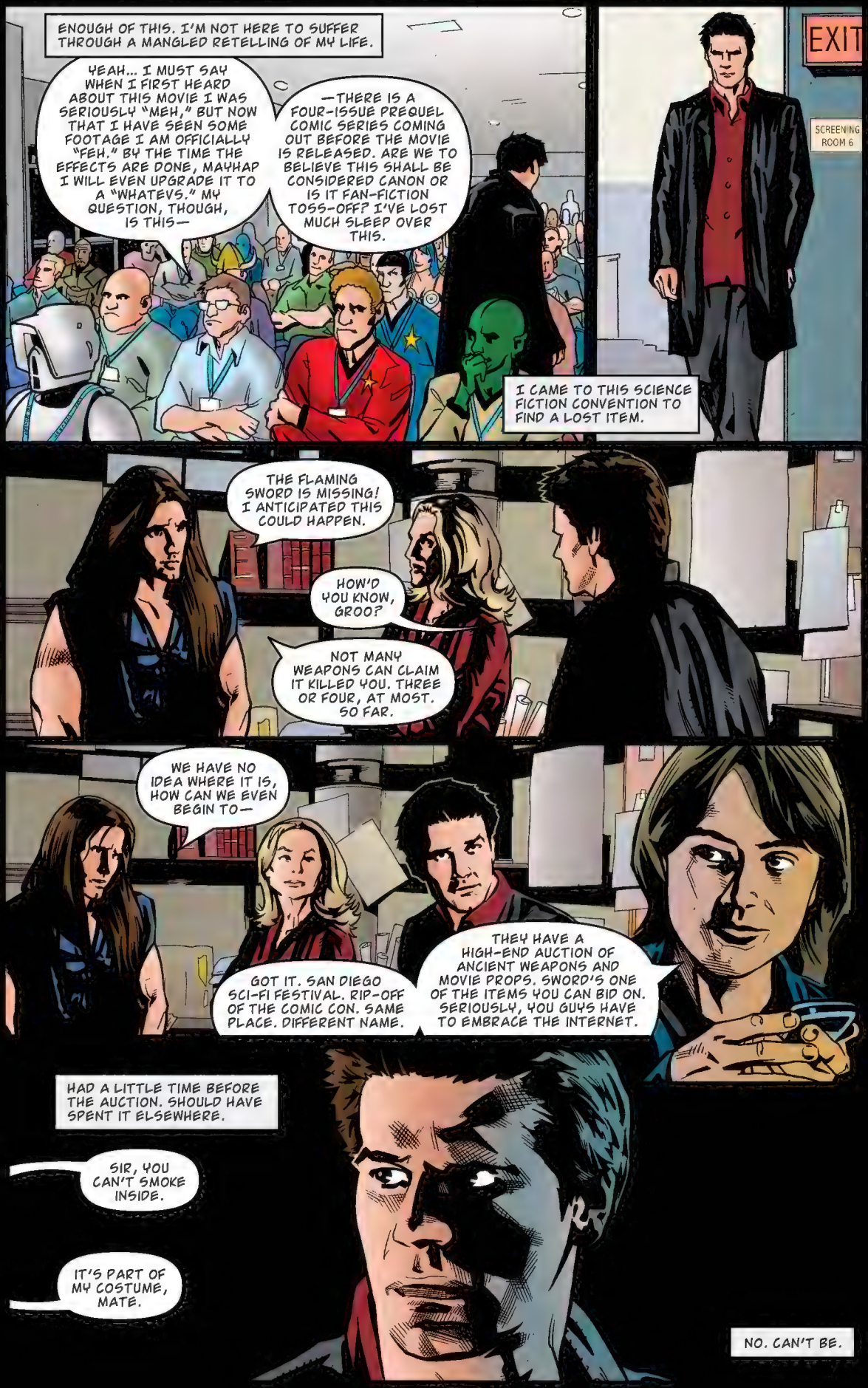
chapter three

AAAAAAAIEEEE!
EVERYTHING'S GONE TO HELL!

THIS IS IT! DEVIL DUDE'S MAKING HIS MOVE! WE'RE ONLY GONNA GET ONE SHOT AT THIS!
BACK OFF, GUNN.
IF ANYONE'S RISKING THEIR NECK, IT'S ME.
I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, ANGEL. YOU'RE THE LEADER, MAN! IF YOU DIE, WE'LL BE LOST!
IT'S MY FAULT WE'RE HERE. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME—
—I GOTTA SHOW THE DEVIL WHAT HELL REALLY FEELS LIKE.
YOU HEAR ME, BIG RED?! I'M COMING FOR YOU!
BARK! BARK!
GET BACK, GEORGE. YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE A SIDE OF ME YOU WON'T LIKE.
?!
SPEAKING AS SOMEONE WHO'S SEEN ALL YOUR SIDES, I GOTTA SAY, THERE'S NOT REALLY ONE I DON'T FANCY, LOVE.

GET OUT OF HERE, SPIKE. WE'RE THROUGH.
BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU BLOODY GIT. I MAY BE A VAMPIRE BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SUCKS.
GOOD ONE.
I WANT YOU OUT OF HERE. I DON'T TRUST YOU. AND I DON'T TRUST WHAT I DO WHEN YOU'RE AROUND.
ANGEL, SPIKE... WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
FINE. BUT IF ANGEL'S GONNA DIE...
...ANGEL'S GONNA DIE HAPPY.
WHOA. IS IT HOT IN HELL OR IS IT JUST THEM?

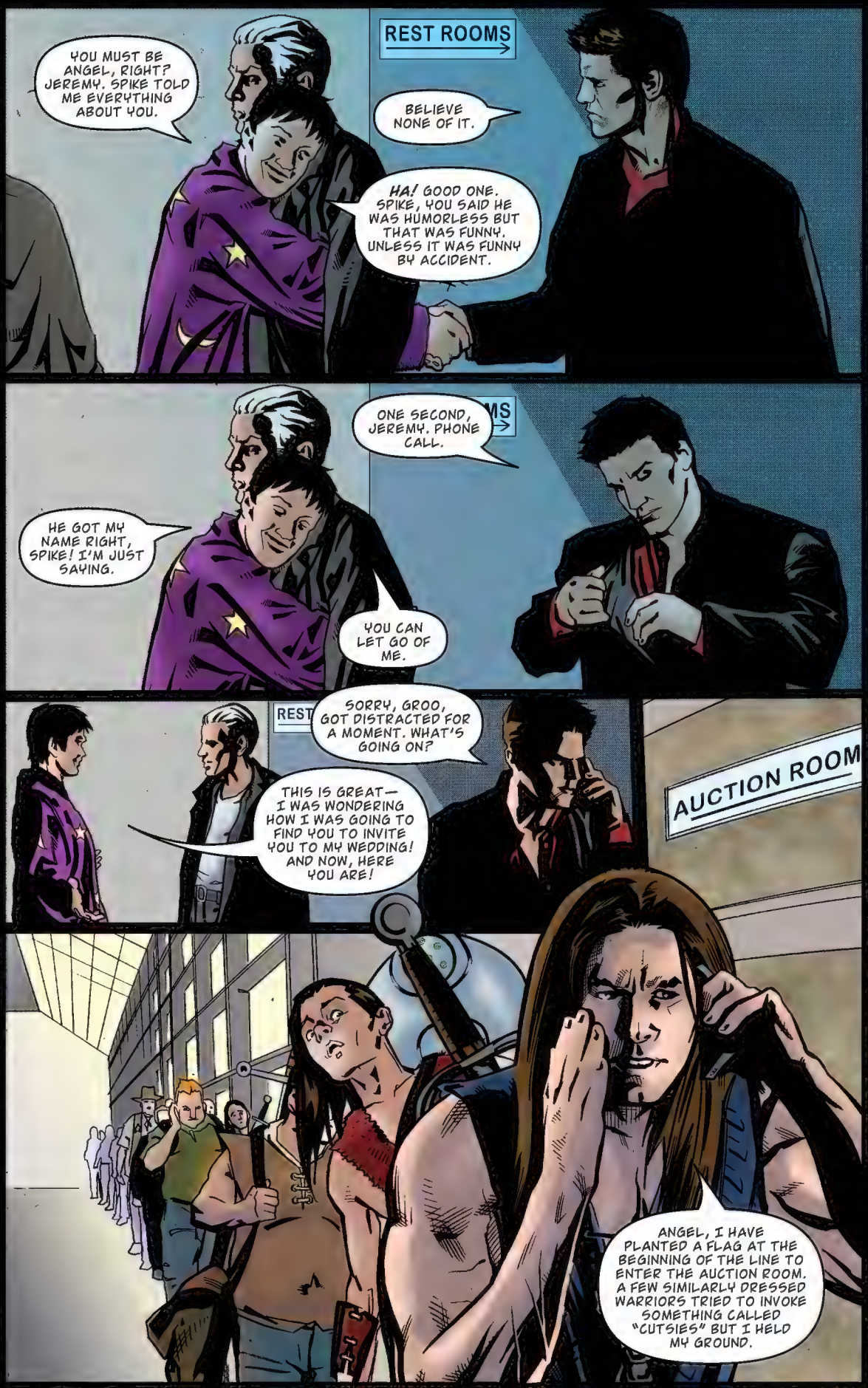

MMMMMMM....
LOS ANGELES WENT TO HELL.
EVERY THIRD PERSON IN LOS ANGELES IS A SCREENWRITER.
SOONER OR LATER, SOMEONE WAS GOING TO WRITE A MOVIE ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED.
WEEKEND PASS
THEY COULD HAVE GOTTEN ONE FACT CORRECT. JUST ONE.
COOL. THIS IS SO COOL. ENGAGING IN ENJOYMENT MODE!
GUEST
THE HOMEMADE ROBOT SEEMS TO BE ENJOYING IT.
IS THAT A CURSED HELL-DAGGER IN YOUR PANTS OR ARE YOU JUST HAPPY TO SEE ME?
BOTH, BABY. BOTH.
HALF THE TOWN'S SETTLING INTO THE DENIAL STAGE. HELL WAS A BAD DREAM. A NAUGHTY THOUGHT. IT'S PROBABLY EASIER THAT WAY.
THAT WAS A LITTLE TASTE OF LAST ANGEL IN HELL, COMING TO THEATERS IN A FEW MONTHS. IT WAS A THRILL DIRECTING IT, LET ME TELL YOU. IT HAD COMMENTARY ON THE HUMAN CONDITION AND LOVE AND DRAMA AND THAT STUFF IS GREAT. ALSO I LOVE EXPLOSIONS. AND HELL, WITH ITS FLAMES AND CRAP, WAS LIKE ONE BIG ONGOING EXPLOSION.
LET'S TAKE SOME QUESTIONS!


ENOUGH OF THIS. I'M NOT HERE TO SUFFER THROUGH A MANGLED RETELLING OF MY LIFE.
YEAH... I MUST SAY WHEN I FIRST HEARD ABOUT THIS MOVIE I WAS SERIOUSLY "MEH," BUT NOW THAT I HAVE SEEN SOME FOOTAGE I AM OFFICIALLY "FEH." BY THE TIME THE EFFECTS ARE DONE, MAYHAP I WILL EVEN UPGRADE IT TO A "WHATEVS." MY QUESTION, THOUGH, IS THIS—
—THERE IS A FOUR-ISSUE PREQUEL COMIC SERIES COMING OUT BEFORE THE MOVIE IS RELEASED. ARE WE TO BELIEVE THIS SHALL BE CONSIDERED CANON OR IS IT FAN-FICTION TOSS-OFF? I'VE LOST MUCH SLEEP OVER THIS.
EXIT
SCREENING ROOM 6
I CAME TO THIS SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION TO FIND A LOST ITEM.
THE FLAMING SWORD IS MISSING! I ANTICIPATED THIS COULD HAPPEN.
HOW'D YOU KNOW, GROO?
NOT MANY WEAPONS CAN CLAIM IT KILLED YOU. THREE OR FOUR, AT MOST. SO FAR.
WE HAVE NO IDEA WHERE IT IS, HOW CAN WE EVEN BEGIN TO—
GOT IT. SAN DIEGO SCI-FI FESTIVAL. RIP-OFF OF THE COMIC CON. SAME PLACE. DIFFERENT NAME.
THEY HAVE A HIGH-END AUCTION OF ANCIENT WEAPONS AND MOVIE PROPS. SWORD'S ONE OF THE ITEMS YOU CAN BID ON. SERIOUSLY, YOU GUYS HAVE TO EMBRACE THE INTERNET.
HAD A LITTLE TIME BEFORE THE AUCTION. SHOULD HAVE SPENT IT ELSEWHERE.
SIR, YOU CAN'T SMOKE INSIDE.
IT'S PART OF MY COSTUME, MATE.
NO. CAN'T BE.

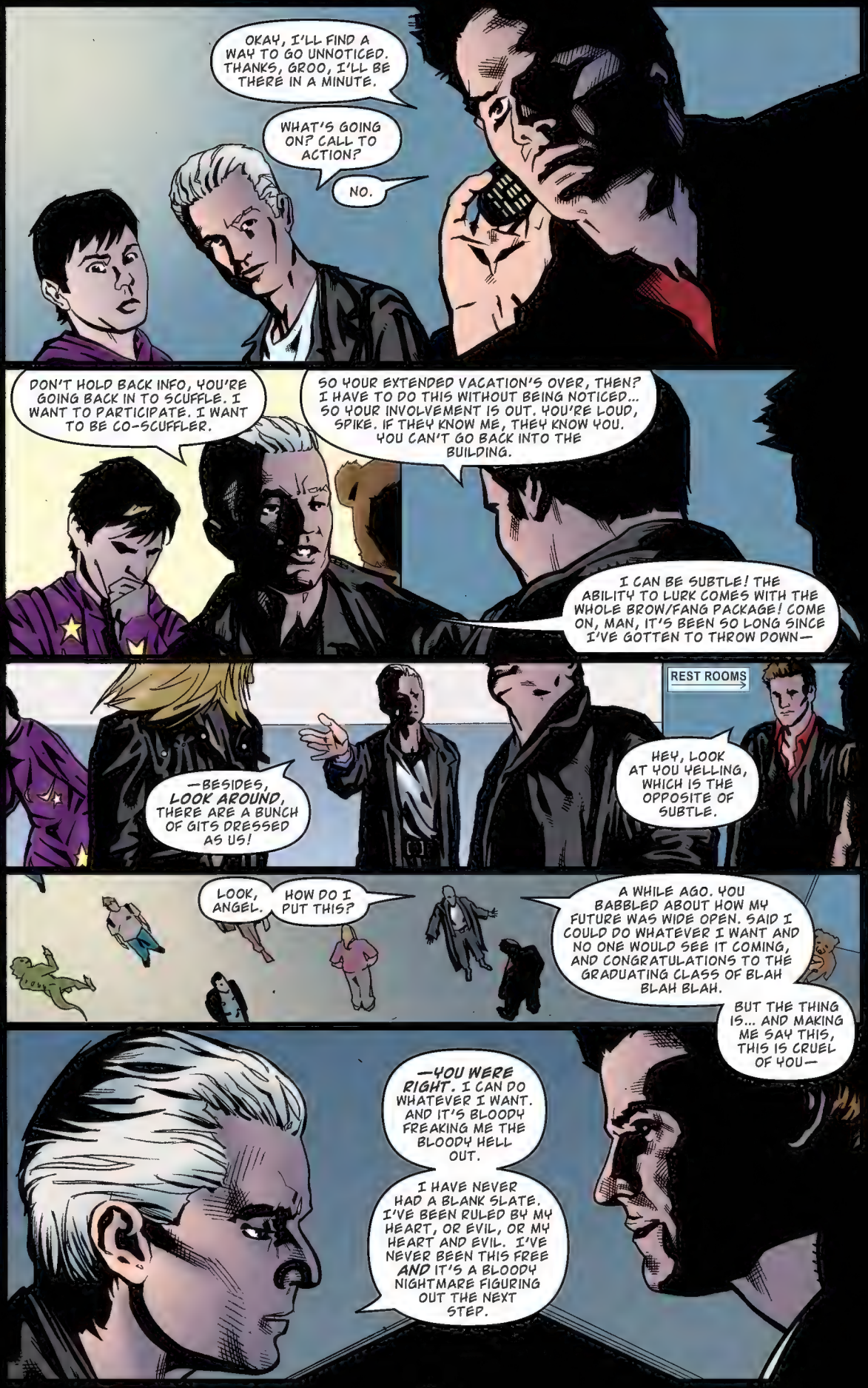
EXIT
THAT CIGARETTE IS PART OF YOUR COSTUME?
BLOODY WELL RIGHT, IT IS. I'M DRESSED AS THAT BELOVED ANTI-HERO WITH THE BLACK LEATHER JACKET AND THE CIGARETTE.
IS IT A MANGA THING?
NO, IT'S A CULT THING, I GUESS YOU'RE NOT—
—COOL ENOUGH? I'M COOL ENOUGH.
OH, THAT COMIC CHARACTER WITH THE BLACK LEATHER JACKET AND THE CIGARETTE, NO, YEAH.
THAT ONE, YEAH. I LOVE THAT ONE, GREAT COSTUME. CARRY ON.
BUGGER OFF.
SPIKE.
ANGEL. COULDN'T KEEP AWAY EITHER, HUH? CURIOSITY ATE THE CAT AND ALL THAT.
THEY MADE ME A LASS, CAN YOU BELIEVE THAT? A STUNNING ONE, WHICH, DON'T GET ME WRONG, I ABSOLUTELY WOULD BE IF I WAS A LADY, SO THERE'S THAT.
THE ACTRESS IS DOING A SIGNING AT SOMETHING CALLED "ARTIST'S ALLEY."
SO, THIS IS WHAT YOU'VE BEEN UP TO SINCE WE LAST SAW EACH OTHER?
I'VE BEEN... WORKING THROUGH THE STUFF.
CON SCHEDULE
BLAMMO!
MAKING IT UP AS I GO ALONG. YOU KNOW HOW THAT CAN BE.
I REALLY DO NOT.
YOU WANT TO GO TO ARTIST'S ALLEY?
I REALLY DO NOT.

YOU GOT IT ALL WRONG! EVERY BIT OF IT! I MEAN, LITERALLY THE ONLY THING YOU GOT RIGHT WAS THE FACT THAT LOS ANGLES WAS IN HELL!
I'M ACTUALLY HERE FOR—
SHHHHH.
SCREENI ROOM 2
I KNOW THAT VOICE.
YOU KNOW A WIZARD?
I WAS IN HELL WITH SPIKE! I HUNG OUT WITH HIM!
FIRST OF ALL, SIR, WE CAN'T BE SURE THAT LOS ANGELES WAS IN HELL. I MYSELF WAS ON LOCATION IN CANCUN SHOOTING A BEER COMMERCIAL SO I DON'T KNOW—
SWEET. YOU KNOW WHERE I WAS? I WAS IN HELL. MY NAME IS JEREMY JOHNS, I LIVE IN SAN DIEGO BUT I DO BUSINESS IN LOS ANGELES. SPIKE SAVED MY LIFE A BUNCH OF TIMES.* HE SAVED EVERYONE HE COULD AND I'M 95% SURE HE WAS A DUDE.
*MOSTLY IN THE SPIKE: AFTER THE FALL MINISERIES—ED.
PLEASE LET SOMEONE ELSE TALK, GANDALF THE GABBY. NEXT QUESTION—?
NO NO NO, YOU'RE NOT DISMISSING ME THAT QUICKLY.
YEAH I'M DRESSED IN AS A WIZARD. YOU COME IN COSTUME AND YOU GET HALF-OFF ADMISSION—IT WAS A FREEBIE FROM THE PEOPLE OUTSIDE—DON'T CHANGE THE SUBJECT. YOUR MOVIE IS STUPID AND FULL OF LIES.
AND I NEVER MET ANGEL BUT SPIKE TOLD ME ALL ABOUT HIM. THEY NEVER DATED, OFFICIALLY—
—BUT SPIKE CONSIDERED ANGEL LIKE A BIG BROTHER.
JERRY MUST HAVE BEEN HIGH ON HELL-FUMES.

I JUST WANT EVERYONE HERE TO KNOW THE TRUTH. AND TRUST ME, SCORCESE, YOU MAKE UP LIES ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED IN HELL, YOU'RE GONNA INCUR THE WRATH OF THOSE THAT LIVED THROUGH IT—
—AND SOME OF THOSE PEOPLE HAVE CLAWS AND FANGS AND SPELLS AND ALL SORTS OF MANDIBLES, CATCH MY DRIFT?
SAN DIEGO SCI-FI FESTI
AW, COME ON! HELL HAPPENED AND THAT JERK'S TRYING TO MAKE A DOLLAR OFF OF HUMAN SUFFERING AND I'M THE ONE KICKED OUT?!
SAN DIEGO SCI-FI FESTI
WHUMP!
YOU CAN'T RUN FROM THE TRUTH! YOU... YOU ALSO CAN'T KICK ME OUT, I PAID FOR A THREE-DAY PASS! I WAS GONNA GO TO THE HACKERS MOVIE 15TH ANNIVERSARY PANEL—
—NO WAY.
SPIKE!
JERRY.
IT'S JEREMY, WOW! YOU COULDN'T STAY AWAY, HUH? I KNOW, THAT MOVIE LOOKS TERRIBLE. WOW, I HAVE NOT SEEN YOU SINCE I WAS GORED THROUGH THE STOMACH!


REST ROOMS
YOU MUST BE ANGEL, RIGHT? JEREMY. SPIKE TOLD ME EVERYTHING ABOUT YOU.
BELIEVE NONE OF IT.
HA! GOOD ONE. SPIKE, YOU SAID HE WAS HUMORLESS BUT THAT WAS FUNNY. UNLESS IT WAS FUNNY BY ACCIDENT.
ONE SECOND, JEREMY. PHONE CALL.
HE GOT MY NAME RIGHT, SPIKE! I'M JUST SAYING.
YOU CAN LET GO OF ME.
SORRY, GROO, GOT DISTRACTED FOR A MOMENT. WHAT'S GOING ON?
THIS IS GREAT— I WAS WONDERING HOW I WAS GOING TO FIND YOU TO INVITE YOU TO MY WEDDING! AND NOW, HERE YOU ARE!
AUCTION ROOM
ANGEL, I HAVE PLANTED A FLAG AT THE BEGINNING OF THE LINE TO ENTER THE AUCTION ROOM. A FEW SIMILARLY DRESSED WARRIORS TRIED TO INVOKE SOMETHING CALLED "CUTSIES" BUT I HELD MY GROUND.

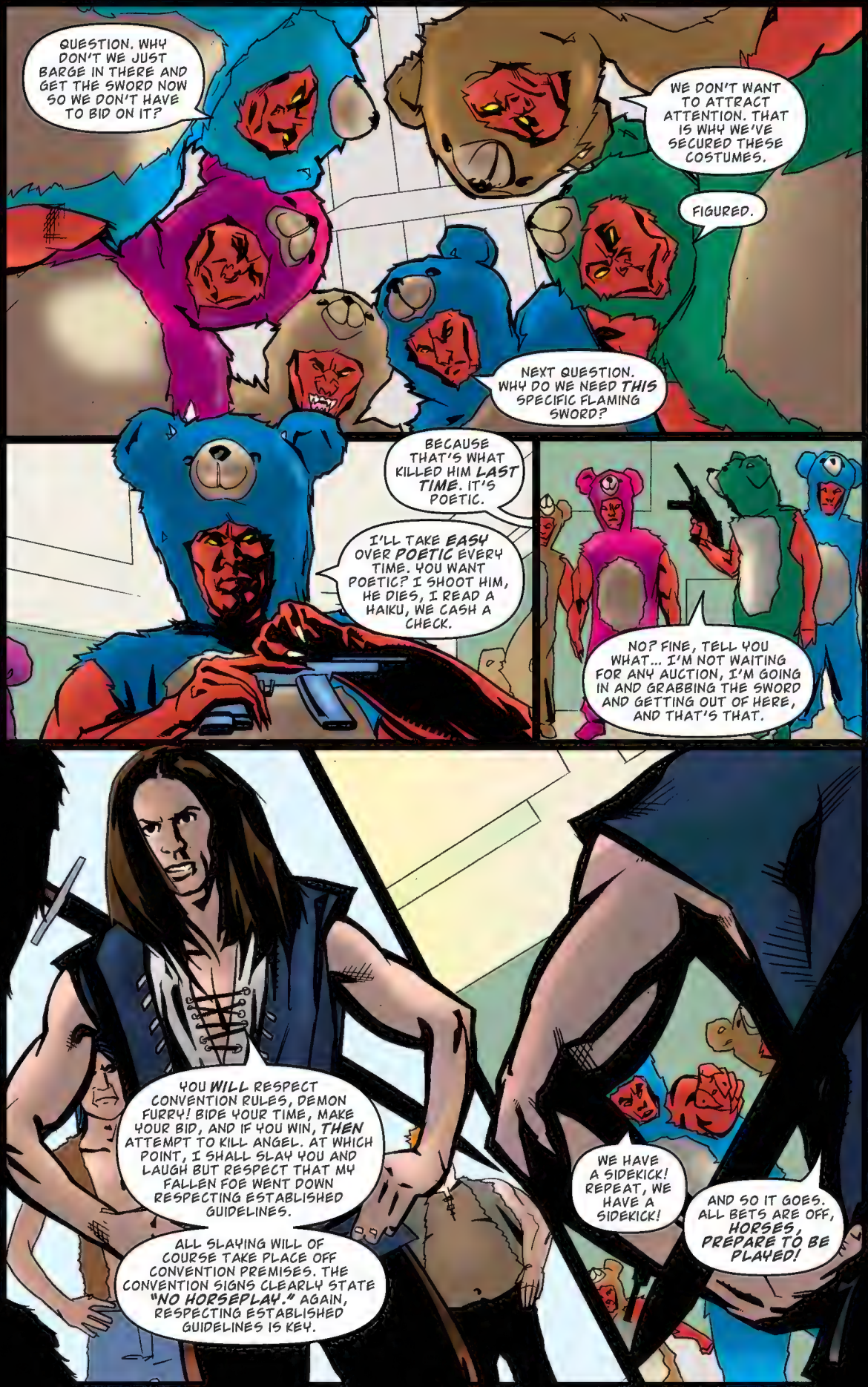
I CAN SEE THE SWORD. IT IS SHEATHED AND SMOLDERING. I SUSPECT IT WILL FETCH QUITE A SUM, AND UNFORTUNATELY, WHAT LITTLE MONEY I HAD I SPENT ON MY ONE-DAY PASS AND A SALTLESS SOFT PRETZEL.
IT'S OKAY. I DON'T NEED TO BUY THE SWORD, I WANT TO SEE WHO ELSE DOES. WHOEVER WANTS IT MOST LIKELY HAS DESIGNS ON A REPEAT PERFORMANCE.
I SUSPECT WE HAVE MANY INTERESTED PARTIES—
IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO STRIKES HIM DOWN AS LONG AS ANGEL IS STRUCK DOWN IT DOESN'T MATTER WHO STRIKES HIM DOWN AS LONG AS ANGEL IS STRUCK DOWN
—THERE ARE NUMEROUS OTHERWORLDLY BOUNTY HUNTERS HERE IN DECEPTIVELY CHEERFUL COSTUMES WHO ARE CHANTING A VERY REPETITIVE AND UNORIGINAL VERSE. YOU WOULD BE WISE TO HIDE YOURSELF WHEN YOU ARRIVE.


OKAY, I'LL FIND A WAY TO GO UNNOTICED. THANKS, GROO, I'LL BE THERE IN A MINUTE.
WHAT'S GOING ON? CALL TO ACTION?
NO.
DON'T HOLD BACK INFO, YOU'RE GOING BACK IN TO SCUFFLE. I WANT TO PARTICIPATE. I WANT TO BE CO-SCUFFLER.
SO YOUR EXTENDED VACATION'S OVER, THEN? I HAVE TO DO THIS WITHOUT BEING NOTICED... SO YOUR INVOLVEMENT IS OUT. YOU'RE LOUD, SPIKE. IF THEY KNOW ME, THEY KNOW YOU. YOU CAN'T GO BACK INTO THE BUILDING.
I CAN BE SUBTLE! THE ABILITY TO LURK COMES WITH THE WHOLE BROW/FANG PACKAGE! COME ON, MAN, IT'S BEEN SO LONG SINCE I'VE GOTTEN TO THROW DOWN—
REST ROOMS
—BESIDES, LOOK AROUND, THERE ARE A BUNCH OF GITS DRESSED AS US!
HEY, LOOK AT YOU YELLING, WHICH IS THE OPPOSITE OF SUBTLE.
LOOK, ANGEL.
HOW DO I PUT THIS?
A WHILE AGO. YOU BABBLED ABOUT HOW MY FUTURE WAS WIDE OPEN. SAID I COULD DO WHATEVER I WANT AND NO ONE WOULD SEE IT COMING, AND CONGRATULATIONS TO THE GRADUATING CLASS OF BLAH BLAH BLAH.
BUT THE THING IS... AND MAKING ME SAY THIS, THIS IS CRUEL OF YOU—
—YOU WERE RIGHT. I CAN DO WHATEVER I WANT. AND IT'S BLOODY FREAKING ME THE BLOODY HELL OUT.
I HAVE NEVER HAD A BLANK SLATE. I'VE BEEN RULED BY MY HEART, OR EVIL, OR MY HEART AND EVIL. I'VE NEVER BEEN THIS FREE AND IT'S A BLOODY NIGHTMARE FIGURING OUT THE NEXT STEP.

RIGHT, SO...
...YOU FOLLOW MY LEAD.
HE WON'T.
YOU DON'T RUN AHEAD—
HE WILL.
—YOU DON'T TRY AND TAKE ON TOO MUCH, YOU DON'T DRAW ATTENTION TO US, YOU DON'T LET CIVILIANS GET CAUGHT IN THE CROSSFIRE.
HE WILL, HE WILL, HE PROBABLY WON'T.
EXCUSE ME, ANGEL. COULDN'T HELP OVERHEARING YOU WANTED TO GO IN UNNOTICED. I THINK I MAY HAVE THE SOLUTION TO YOUR PROBLEM.
WHAT'S THAT, JEREMY?
AGAIN, WITH THE RIGHT NAME, THIS GUY IS A KEEPER, SPIKE. ANYWAY, YOU WANNA SNEAK IN, YOU DO WHAT EVERYONE HERE IS DOING—
YOU. GO. IN. COSTUME.
LAST ANGEL IN HELL
ANGEL
JACKET
WIG
SWORD
MASK
AND DON'T WORRY, WHILE YOU GUYS WERE BICKERING I SCORED YOU SOME. NO NEED TO THANK ME, DIDN'T COST ME A CENT, THOSE GUYS ARE GIVING AWAY COSTUMES. IT'S LIKE A CHARITY. A STUPID POINTLESS CHARITY. EVEN GOT ONE FOR MYSELF, AS I'M PERSONA AU GRATIN IN THERE.
LAST ANGEL IN HELL
SPIKE
MASK
JACKET
FANGS!
WIG!
YOU DIG MY CHOICE IN COSTUMES? I THOUGHT YOU WOULD! DIBS ON THE KARATE OUTFIT.
FREE COSTUM

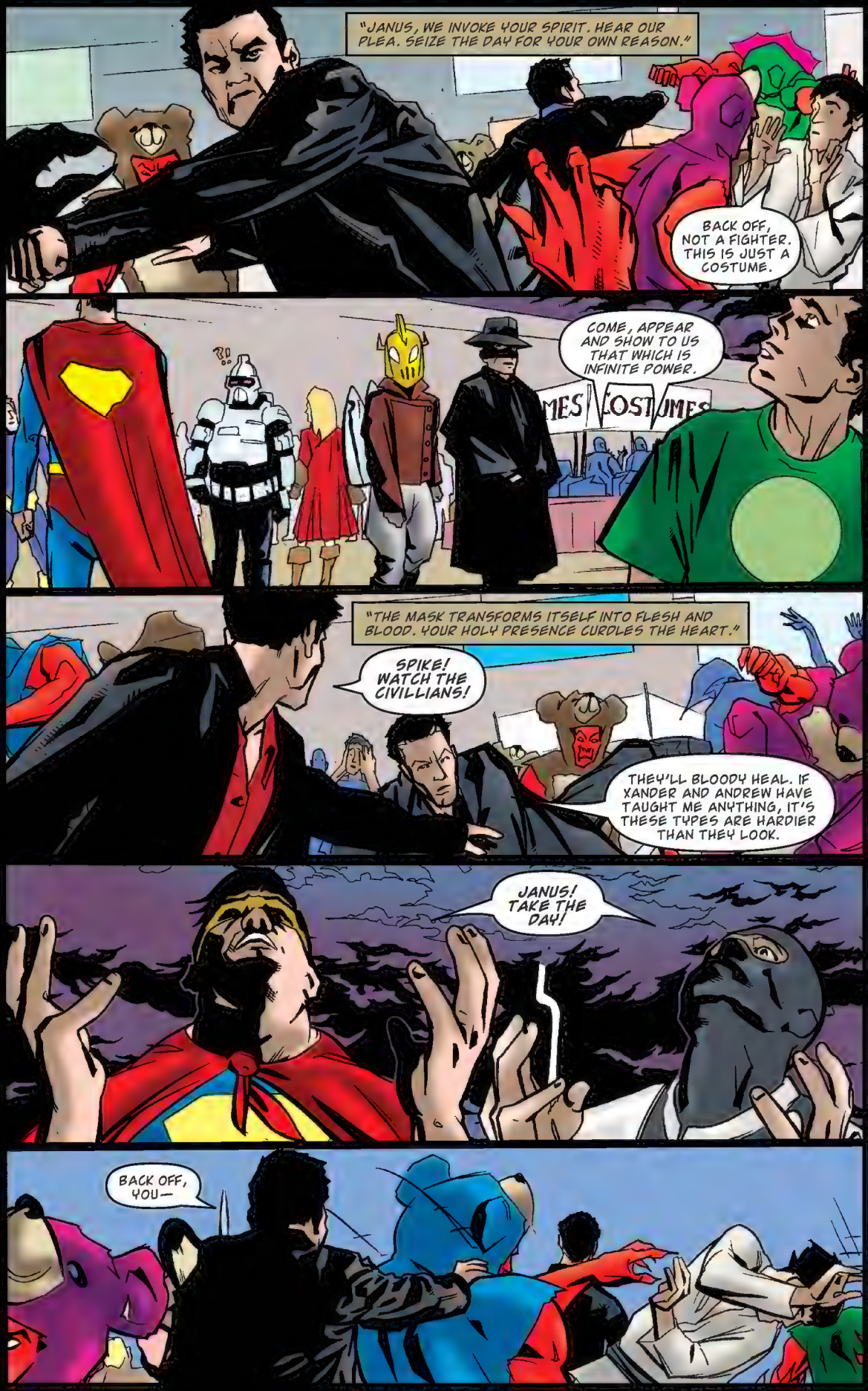
THREE MORE SATISFIED CUSTOMERS. IT'S GREAT WHAT WE'RE DOING. THOUSANDS OF ATTENDEES COME IN BORING AND COME OUT SPECIAL.
IT'S LIKE A CHARITY. A WONDERFUL, IMPORTANT CHARITY.
IT'S A COSTLY SERVICE THAT WE'RE PROVIDING, BUT VERY WORTH IT. THEIR LIVES ARE LIKE, YOU KNOW, ORIGINAL RELEASE. BUT FROM THIS POINT ON, THEY'RE SPECIAL EDITIONS.
IT'S LIKE, IT'S LIKE, THEIR EXISTENCE IS REBOOTED, J.J. ABRAMS-STYLE. ENTERING THEIR OWN NEW, ULTIMATE, ALL-STAR UNIVERSE. ARE YOU READY?
YOU FRAKKIN' BET.
THE WORLD THAT DENIES THEE—
COSTUMES
—THOU INHABIT.

"—THE PEACE THAT IGNORES ME—
"—THOU CORRUPT.
"CHAOS, I REMAIN AS EVER—
SPIKE
"—THY FAITHFUL—
"—DEGENERATE SON."
AND I THOUGHT THE HACKERS PANEL WAS GONNA BE THE HIGHPOINT OF THE DAY.


QUESTION. WHY DON'T WE JUST BARGE IN THERE AND GET THE SWORD NOW SO WE DON'T HAVE TO BID ON IT?
WE DON'T WANT TO ATTRACT ATTENTION. THAT IS WHY WE'VE SECURED THESE COSTUMES.
FIGURED.
NEXT QUESTION. WHY DO WE NEED THIS SPECIFIC FLAMING SWORD?
BECAUSE THAT'S WHAT KILLED HIM LAST TIME. IT'S POETIC.
I'LL TAKE EASY OVER POETIC EVERY TIME. YOU WANT POETIC? I SHOOT HIM, HE DIES, I READ A HAIKU, WE CASH A CHECK.
NO? FINE, TELL YOU WHAT... I'M NOT WAITING FOR ANY AUCTION, I'M GOING IN AND GRABBING THE SWORD AND GETTING OUT OF HERE, AND THAT'S THAT.
YOU WILL RESPECT CONVENTION RULES, DEMON FURRY! BIDE YOUR TIME, MAKE YOUR BID, AND IF YOU WIN, THEN ATTEMPT TO KILL ANGEL. AT WHICH POINT, I SHALL SLAY YOU AND LAUGH BUT RESPECT THAT MY FALLEN FOE WENT DOWN RESPECTING ESTABLISHED GUIDELINES.
ALL SLAYING WILL OF COURSE TAKE PLACE OFF CONVENTION PREMISES. THE CONVENTION SIGNS CLEARLY STATE "NO HORSEPLAY." AGAIN, RESPECTING ESTABLISHED GUIDELINES IS KEY.
WE HAVE A SIDEKICK! REPEAT, WE HAVE A SIDEKICK!
AND SO IT GOES. ALL BETS ARE OFF, HORSES, PREPARE TO BE PLAYED!

MEN! AT ARMS!
KILL'EM POETIC—
—LY?
UM, GROUP? HORDE? WHAT'S—?
OH.
WHAT? YOU WANTED ANGEL—
STOP THAT.
—YOU GOT'EM! HERE I AM!
I HAVE BEEN TORTURED, STABBED, DROWNED IN BLOOD. I HAVE KILLED LOVED ONES. EVERY BONE HAS BEEN BROKEN. I'VE LIVED IN HELL. I'VE SAID GOOD-BYE TO MY TRUE LOVE.
AND I AM CURRENTLY NOSTALGIC FOR ANY AND ALL THOSE TIMES. BECAUSE EVEN AT MY WORST... I WASN'T DRESSED AS SHE-SPIKE.

NOT JUST AWKWARD TO LOOK AT, IT'S AWKWARD TO SEE OUT OF IT. MASK. MASK WAS A BAD, BAD IDEA.
HOW DO KIDS DO THIS EVERY HALLOWEEN? PARENTS ARE CRAZY, LETTING THEM GO OUT WITH SUCH LIMITED LINE OF VISION, THEY COULD SO EASILY GET HIT BY A CAR—
IDIOT, KEEP YOUR HEAD IN THE MOMENT.
WHUMP!
SPIKE! TAKE OFF THE MASK!
HOLY.
IT'S ANGEL.
THIS ONE IS ANGEL!
WELL, THAT RUSE WAS SHORT-LIVED. GREAT PLAN, BIG MAN.
DID YOU SAY ANGEL WAS HERE?
SO LET'S DO IT MY WAY.
SOK!
AW, NUTS. THAT'S NOT MOVIE ANGEL! THAT'S JUST SOME POSEUR.


"JANUS, WE INVOKE YOUR SPIRIT. HEAR OUR PLEA. SEIZE THE DAY FOR YOUR OWN REASON."
BACK OFF, NOT A FIGHTER. THIS IS JUST A COSTUME.
COME, APPEAR AND SHOW TO US THAT WHICH IS INFINITE POWER.
"THE MASK TRANSFORMS ITSELF INTO FLESH AND BLOOD. YOUR HOLY PRESENCE CURDLES THE HEART."
SPIKE! WATCH THE CIVILLIANS!
THEY'LL BLOODY HEAL. IF XANDER AND ANDREW HAVE TAUGHT ME ANYTHING, IT'S THESE TYPES ARE HARDIER THAN THEY LOOK.
JANUS! TAKE THE DAY!
BACK OFF, YOU—

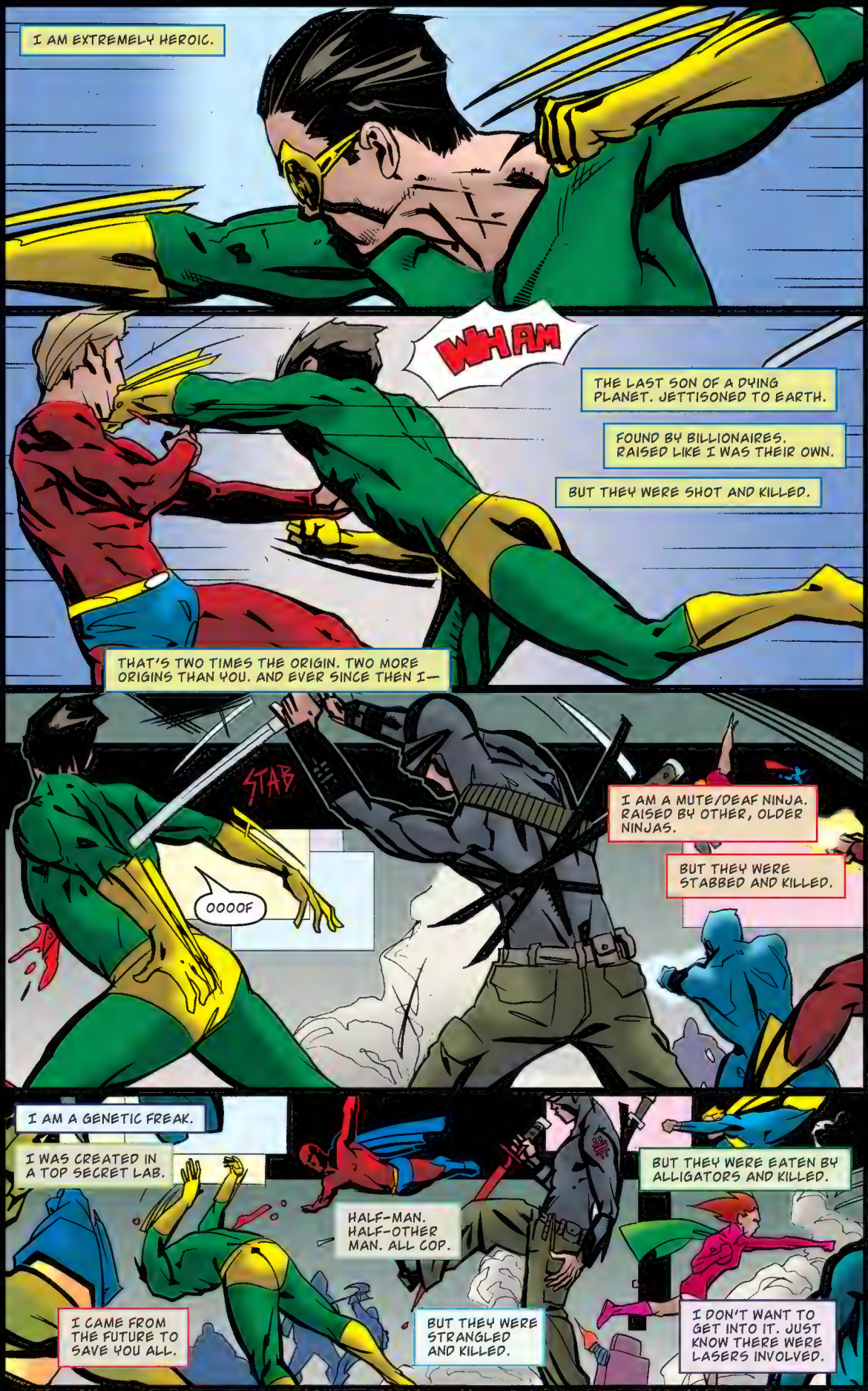
—ADORABLE CUDDLY... BEAR... TYPE... ASSASSIN?
!?
OKAY, SO THIS GUY'S A SHAPE-SHIFTER. TRYING TO CONFUSE ME.
IT'S WORKING. I'M MORE THAN A LITTLE CONFUSED.
NOW HE'S GOING TO MOVE IN AND—
HUGS ARE THE KEY INGREDIENT IN A LOVE CASSEROLE!
HUG!
UM. HE'S GOING TO MOVE IN AND CUDDLE ME WITHIN AN INCH OF MY LIFE.
THIS DAY JUST TOOK THE WEIRDEST 180.
BOP!
THIS DEMON WAS DRESSED AS A BRIGHTLY COLORED ANIMAL BUT NOW HE IS A BRIGHTLY COLORED ANIMAL.
ANGEL—
—IT'S NOT JUST HIM.

SAN-DIEGO SCI-FI FEST

IT'S EVERYBODY. WHATEVER THEY WERE TRYING TO BE...

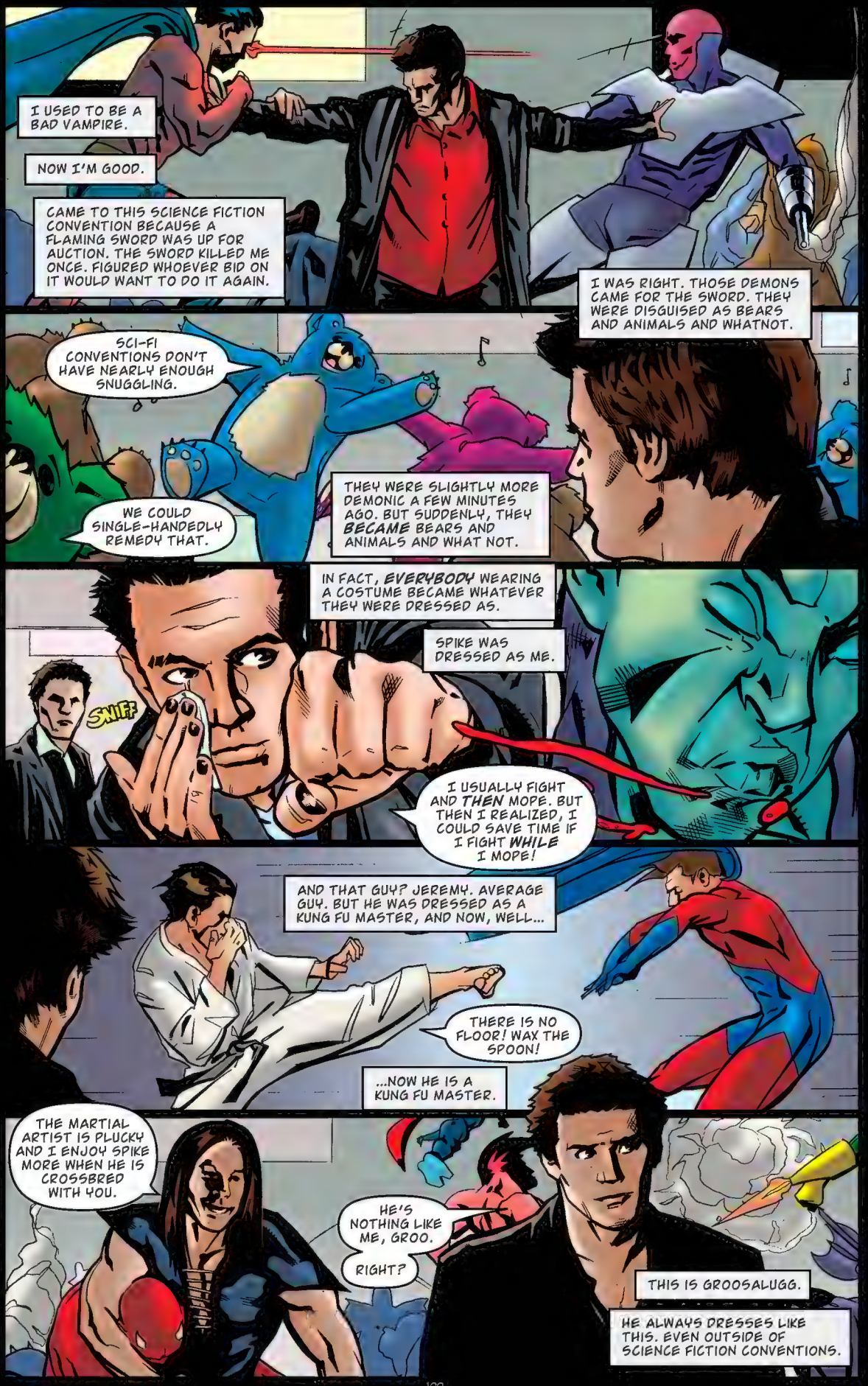
...THEY SUDDENLY ARE.

I CHALLENGE ALL OF YOU!
JEREMY, STOP IT. OKAY, THIS IS DOABLE. THIS IS DOABLE, RIGHT? WHAT WE NEED TO DO IS—
WE HAVE TO FIND THE SOURCE, OBVIOUSLY. DON'T WORRY, I'M ALREADY ON IT.
I FIND THE SOURCE, I CUT IT OFF AT THE KNEES, I SULK AWAY INTO THE SHADOWS, I SIT ALONE IN A DARK ROOM, I THINK ABOUT BUFFY, I SLEEP, I DO THE WHOLE THING AGAIN TOMORROW.
SPIKE, WHAT ARE YOU TALKING ABOUT? WHAT HAPPENED TO YOUR ACCENT?
SPIKE? YOU'RE CONFUSED, FRIEND.
I'M ANGEL™
LET'S GO TO WORK.
WAIT, WHAT?!


I AM EXTREMELY HEROIC.
WHAM
THE LAST SON OF A DYING PLANET. JETTISONED TO EARTH.
FOUND BY BILLIONAIRES. RAISED LIKE I WAS THEIR OWN.
BUT THEY WERE SHOT AND KILLED.
THAT'S TWO TIMES THE ORIGIN. TWO MORE ORIGINS THAN YOU. AND EVER SINCE THEN I—
STAB
OOOOF
I AM A MUTE/DEAF NINJA. RAISED BY OTHER, OLDER NINJAS.
BUT THEY WERE STABBED AND KILLED.
I AM A GENETIC FREAK.
I WAS CREATED IN A TOP SECRET LAB.
HALF-MAN. HALF-OTHER MAN. ALL COP.
BUT THEY WERE EATEN BY ALLIGATORS AND KILLED.
I CAME FROM THE FUTURE TO SAVE YOU ALL.
BUT THEY WERE STRANGLED AND KILLED.
I DON'T WANT TO GET INTO IT. JUST KNOW THERE WERE LASERS INVOLVED.

I WAS ONCE AN EVIL VAMPIRE.
NOW I'M GOOD.
HELLLLLP!
NOT GREAT, MIND YOU. GOOD.
I MAKE IT MY MISSION TO HELP THE HELPLESS.
I AM SO GOOD AND SO BORING.
SLAP!
I'M CARDBOARD WITH A CONSCIENCE.
I'M WHITE BREAD WRAPPED IN LEATHER.
WHAT ARE YOU?!
WHAM!

I
AM
ANGEL™
NO, YOU'RE NOT. STOP IT.


I USED TO BE A BAD VAMPIRE.
NOW I'M GOOD.
CAME TO THIS SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION BECAUSE A FLAMING SWORD WAS UP FOR AUCTION. THE SWORD KILLED ME ONCE. FIGURED WHOEVER BID ON IT WOULD WANT TO DO IT AGAIN.
I WAS RIGHT. THOSE DEMONS CAME FOR THE SWORD. THEY WERE DISGUISED AS BEARS AND ANIMALS AND WHATNOT.
SCI-FI CONVENTIONS DON'T HAVE NEARLY ENOUGH SNUGGLING.
WE COULD SINGLE-HANDEDLY REMEDY THAT.
THEY WERE SLIGHTLY MORE DEMONIC A FEW MINUTES AGO. BUT SUDDENLY, THEY BECAME BEARS AND ANIMALS AND WHAT NOT.
IN FACT, EVERYBODY WEARING A COSTUME BECAME WHATEVER THEY WERE DRESSED AS.
SPIKE WAS DRESSED AS ME.
SNIFF
I USUALLY FIGHT AND THEN MOPE. BUT THEN I REALIZED, I COULD SAVE TIME IF I FIGHT WHILE I MOPE!
AND THAT GUY? JEREMY. AVERAGE GUY. BUT HE WAS DRESSED AS A KUNG FU MASTER, AND NOW, WELL...
THERE IS NO FLOOR! WAX THE SPOON!
...NOW HE IS A KUNG FU MASTER.
THE MARTIAL ARTIST IS PLUCKY AND I ENJOY SPIKE MORE WHEN HE IS CROSSBRED WITH YOU.
HE'S NOTHING LIKE ME, GROO.
RIGHT?
THIS IS GROOSALUGG.
HE ALWAYS DRESSES LIKE THIS. EVEN OUTSIDE OF SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTIONS.

AUCTION ROOM
MAYBE ONE OF THE ITEMS UP FOR AUCTION IS CAUSING THIS.
ALL YOU MISCREANTS MUST PAY! BEWARE THE WRATH OF EXPLODO, THE MAN THAT EXPLODES!
UNHAND ME! I AM SO CLOSE TO EXPLODING YOU DON'T EVEN KNOW!
"EXPLODO"—
—I'M COUNTING ON IT.
PLEASE BE THE SOLUTION. LET IT BE THAT SIMPLE, THAT WOULD BE GREAT.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING DOWN HERE? THE FIGHT ISN'T OVER. THE FIGHT IS NEVER OVER. THAT EXPLODING MAN DIED IN VAIN, NOW WE HAVE TO CRY OVER HIM AND THEN STAND ON A ROOFTOP AND THEN WE HAVE TO SAVE THE DAY AT ZERO HOUR. DON'T MAKE ME WHINE ALL OVER YOU.
DAMN IT.

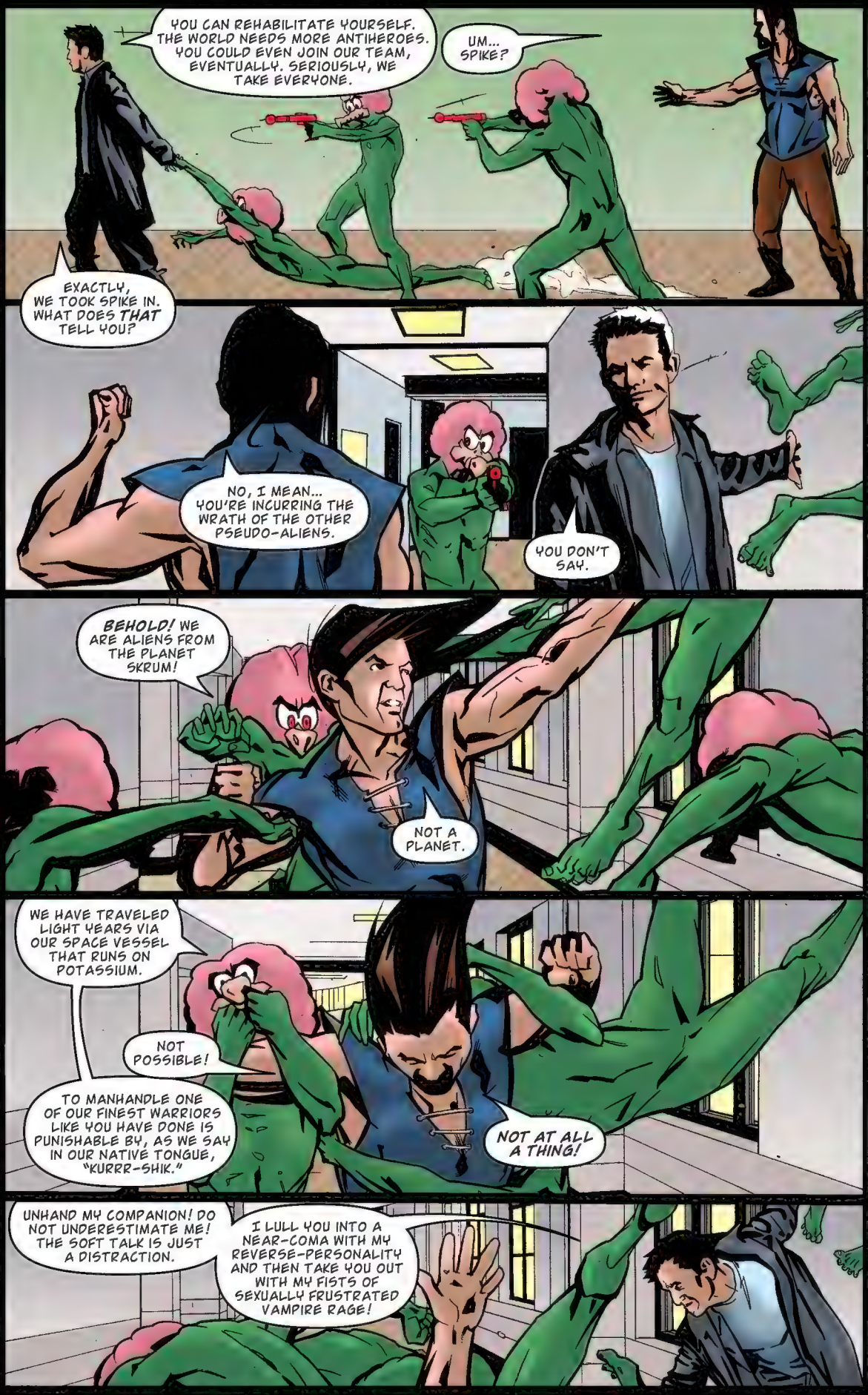
WE HAVE TO FIND THE SOURCE AND CUT IT DOWN.
AND MOURN EXPLODO. HE WAS A VALUABLE PART OF THE TEAM. I'D SAY HE WAS A FRIEND BUT FRIENDSHIP IS A DANCE THIS VAMPIRE MUST SIT OUT.
STOP IT. WE'LL SPLIT UP, COVER MORE GROUND.
NO MATTER WHAT ANYONE THROWS AT YOU, KNIVES, SWORDS, CLAWS, GOD HELP US, LASERS, DO NOT KILL ANYONE. PUT THEM OUT, STOP THEM FROM HARMING THEMSELVES OR OTHERS, BUT THEY ARE NOT RESPONSIBLE FOR THEIR ACTIONS.
JEREMY, YOU COME WITH ME. IF THIS THING REVERSES IN THE MIDDLE OF A BRAWL, YOU'RE GOING TO NEED BACK-UP.
YOU PUT ON A BRAVE FACE BUT YOUR TRUE INTENTIONS ARE CLEAR. NEVER FEAR, ANGEL #2. I WILL PROTECT YOU.
GROO, YOU'RE WITH, UM—
AND MEN SHALL CALL HIM SPANGEL!
NO, THEY WON'T. EVER.
FUZZY ANIMALS... UM, ADORABLE FURRIES FORMERLY KNOWN AS BOUNTY HUNTERS, BUSLOAD OF ORPHANS COMING IN, ALL OF THEM NEED HUGS, STAT.
BETTER GET IN THE MEN'S ROOM AND PRACTICE YOUR, YOU KNOW, HUGGING.
WE HEAR THAT! LET'S GO, GANG! THOSE ORPHANS ARE GONNA HAVE THE SNUGGLING OF THEIR LIVES.
THEY'RE OUT OF THE WAY FOR NOW. WHEN WE SWITCH THINGS BACK, REMEMBER WE HAVE A BATHROOM FULL OF BOUNTY HUNTERS TO CONTEND WITH. LET'S GO.
FIRST WE SHOULD WALK IN A LINE. SLOW, PROUD, SULLEN, IMPORTANT. I WILL TAKE THE LEAD.
LET'S JUST GET TO WORK, OKAY? IT'S ALL FUN AND BEARS NOW—

"—BUT IT CAN GET WORSE REALLY QUICKLY."
HI-FI-CON INTERNATIONAL
IT SMELLS LIKE MAGIC AND FEAR AND SWEAT AND SODA.
SOMEONE HELLLLLLLLP!
VIRGIN FOR PEACE
WHAT ARE YOU RUNNING FROM, COWARD? IS IT THE VAMPIRE?
OUTTA MY WAY, TENTACLES! YOU PROBABLY THINK YOU'RE SOME SORT OF DEMON ASSASSIN BUT SOMETHING HAPPENED AND NOW EVERYONE IS WHAT THEY'RE DRESSED AS AND YOU PROBABLY CAME AS, LIKE, A WARCRAFT VILLAIN OR SOMETHING—
I AM ETERNAL.
YOU ONLY THINK YOU'RE ETERNAL.
NO.
CHOP

"WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE LOOKING FOR?"
TWITCH
AND WHEN WE FIND IT, CAN I KICK IT?
BASED ON PREVIOUS SIMILAR OCCURRENCES? I SAY WE LOOK FOR AMULETS, STATUES, ANYTHING GLOWING, ANYONE CHANTING, GLOATING DEMONS, REGRETFUL HUMANS, THAT ABOUT COVERS IT. AND YES, JEREMY, IF WE FIND IT, YOU CAN ABSOLUTELY KICK IT.
THE SMALLER ANGEL IS RIGHT. YOU ARE WISE.
BACK WHEN WE WERE IN HELL, AND ANGEL #1 WAS NAMED SPIKE, HE WOULD, STRICTLY IN MOMENTS OF WEAKNESS, OF COURSE, WONDER WHAT YOU WOULD DO IN HIS SITUATION. AND THEN HE'D DO IT.
THAT DOESN'T SOUND LIKE—
AND THEN HE'D MOCK YOU. AND THEN HE'D BLAME YOU. AND THEN HE'D STRIKE ME.
WHAT'S THIS, NOW?
ZOMBIE HULLABALOO
ZOMBIE HULLABALOO
ZOMBIE HULLABALOO
MOVIE PANEL
OME DRESSED AS A ZOMBIE, GET A FREE T-SHIRT!
ZOMBIES.
TACKY.

ALRIGHT, THEN, LET'S DO THIS.
ZOMBIES VS. VAMPIRE.
VS. KUNG FU MASTER!
"TELL THE FANS TO DRESS UP AS ZOMBIES," THEY SAID. "IT'LL BE GREAT PROMOTION," THEY SAID. "THEY MIGHT ACTUALLY TRY AND EAT YOU..." NO ONE EVER EVER SAID THAT.
BUT SERIOUSLY, ZOMBIES VS. VAMPIRE VS. KUNG FU MASTER, THAT COULD WORK.
JEREMY, DON'T LET THEM BITE YOU, YOU COULD... ACTUALLY I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT WILL HAPPEN. BUT SAVE EVERYONE THE HASSLE AND DON'T GET BITTEN.
RIGHT. THIS IS NOT SOLVING THE OVERALL PROBLEM.
CHOP!
I KNOW. HOPEFULLY GROO AND SPIKE ARE HAVING BETTER LUCK.
MEANWHILE...
PUT YOUR WEAPONS DOWN, EARTHLINGS.
I'M NOT FROM EARTH... AND I SUSPECT YOU ARE.
I CAN TAKE THEM ALL DOWN. AND THAT ONE LOOKS FEMALE, I COULD ROMANCE IT.

YOU! CARBON-BASED FABIO-ESQUE LIFEFORM! TAKE ME TO YOUR LEADER!
THAT WOULD BE ANGEL... UNFORTUNATELY HE TOLD ME WE HAVE TO SPLIT UP, SO I CANNOT OBLIGE YOUR REQUEST. OH, THE SMALL ONE HERE THINKS HE IS MY LEADER, WILL THAT DO?
UM.
ALL THESE ALIENS...
THERE ARE ONLY A HANDFUL! WE CAN TAKE THEM.
NO, IT'S NOT THAT.
THEY'RE SCARED. I CAN SEE IT IN THEIR BULBOUS EYES. THEY NEED MY HELP.
AND IT'S NOT JUST THEM. EVERYONE NEEDS MY HELP. EVERYONE IS SOME FORM OF LOST, OR SCARED, OR DYING.
I KNOW HOW YOU FEEL, NEW LITTLE FRIEND. SO CONFUSED. SO DISTRAUGHT. MAYBE A LITTLE HORNY. WE'VE ALL BEEN THERE. I'M THERE NOW.
ALERT! ALERT!
BUT I KNOW, DEEP DOWN, YOU ARE GOOD.
THERE IS GOOD IN EVERYONE! EVERY THORN HAS ITS ROSE!

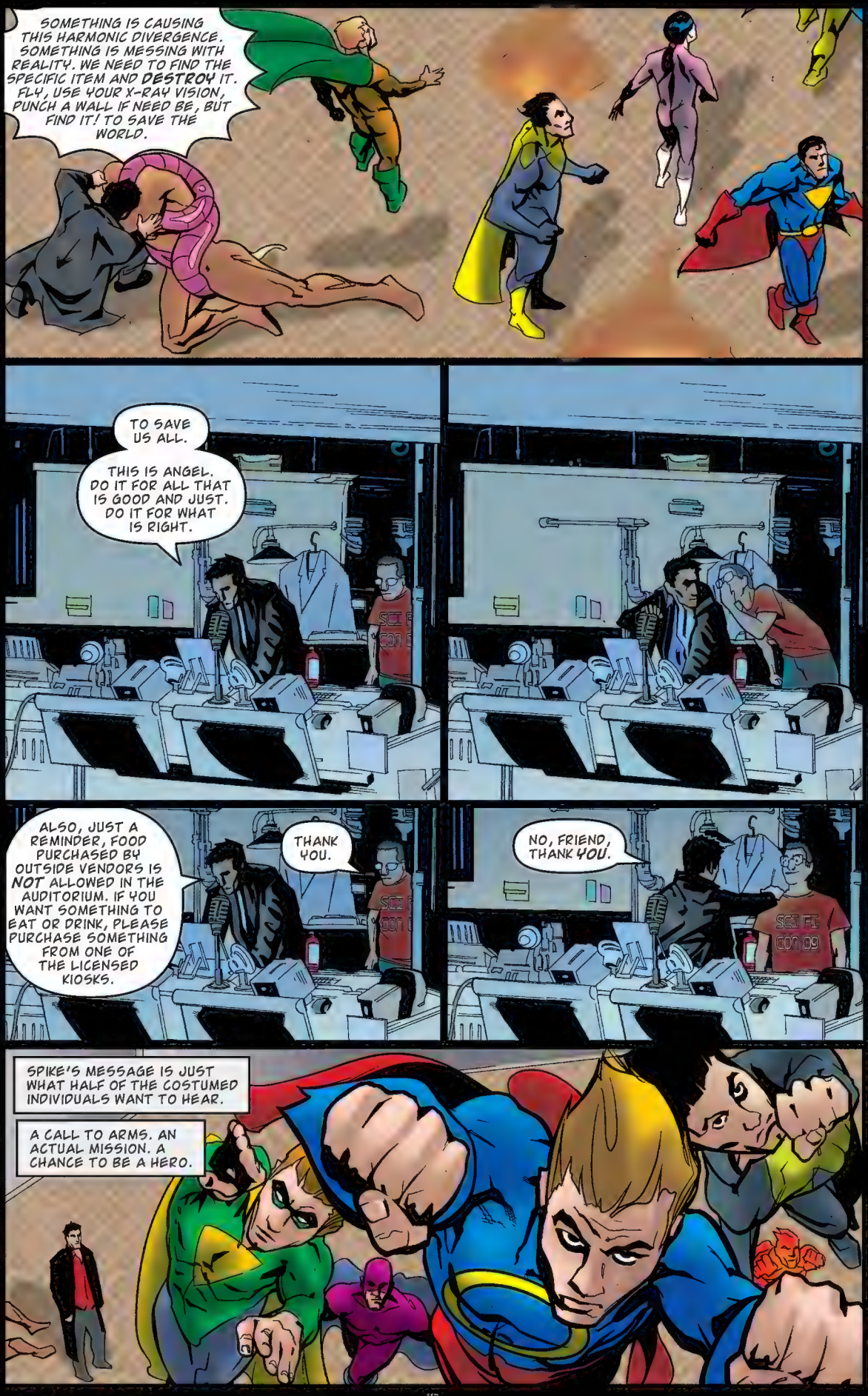

YOU CAN REHABILITATE YOURSELF. THE WORLD NEEDS MORE ANTIHEROES. YOU COULD EVEN JOIN OUR TEAM, EVENTUALLY. SERIOUSLY, WE TAKE EVERYONE.
UM... SPIKE?
EXACTLY, WE TOOK SPIKE IN. WHAT DOES THAT TELL YOU?
NO, I MEAN... YOU'RE INCURRING THE WRATH OF THE OTHER PSEUDO-ALIENS.
YOU DON'T SAY.
BEHOLD! WE ARE ALIENS FROM THE PLANET SKRUM!
NOT A PLANET.
WE HAVE TRAVELED LIGHT YEARS VIA OUR SPACE VESSEL THAT RUNS ON POTASSIUM.
NOT POSSIBLE!
TO MANHANDLE ONE OF OUR FINEST WARRIORS LIKE YOU HAVE DONE IS PUNISHABLE BY, AS WE SAY IN OUR NATIVE TONGUE, "KURRR-SHIK."
NOT AT ALL A THING!
UNHAND MY COMPANION! DO NOT UNDERESTIMATE ME! THE SOFT TALK IS JUST A DISTRACTION.
I LULL YOU INTO A NEAR-COMA WITH MY REVERSE-PERSONALITY AND THEN TAKE YOU OUT WITH MY FISTS OF SEXUALLY FRUSTRATED VAMPIRE RAGE!

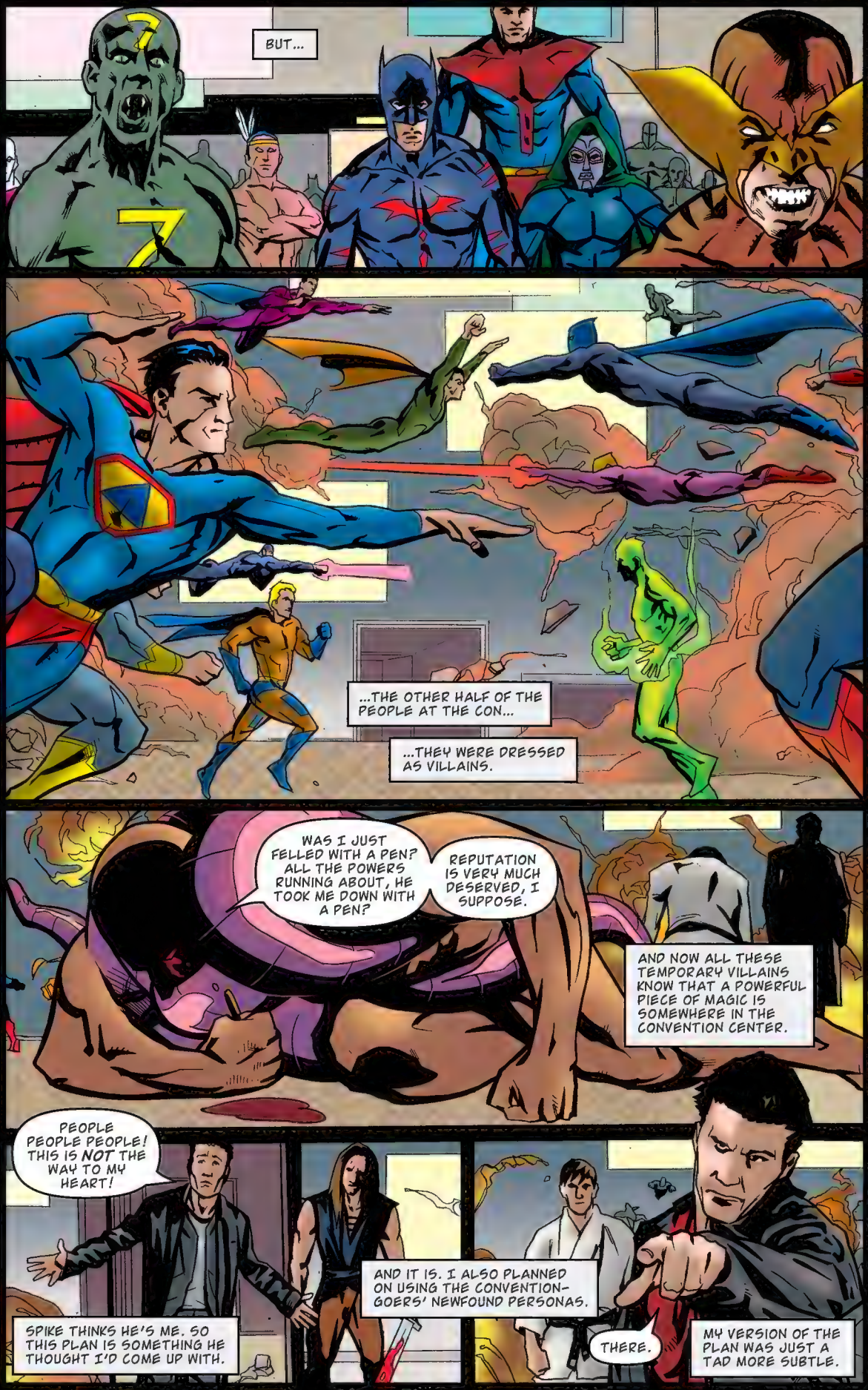
BRETHREN! KURR-SHIK IN THREE... TWO...
ZZAP!!
NO! THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO! NEITHER DO YOU, ACTUALLY, BUT YOU MUST CEASE BLOODSHED! GAH, TOO MANY HEROES!
NO SUCH THING, GROO. NO SUCH THING.
YOU MAKE THREATS OF KRRR... UM... WHATEVER YOU CALLED IT IN A BUILDING FULL OF SUPERHEROES? STUPID, STUPID ALIEN RACE.
HEROES! ATTEMPTED SECRET INVASION NEAR THE SOFT PRETZEL KIOSK!
IN FACT...
...FOLLOW ME!

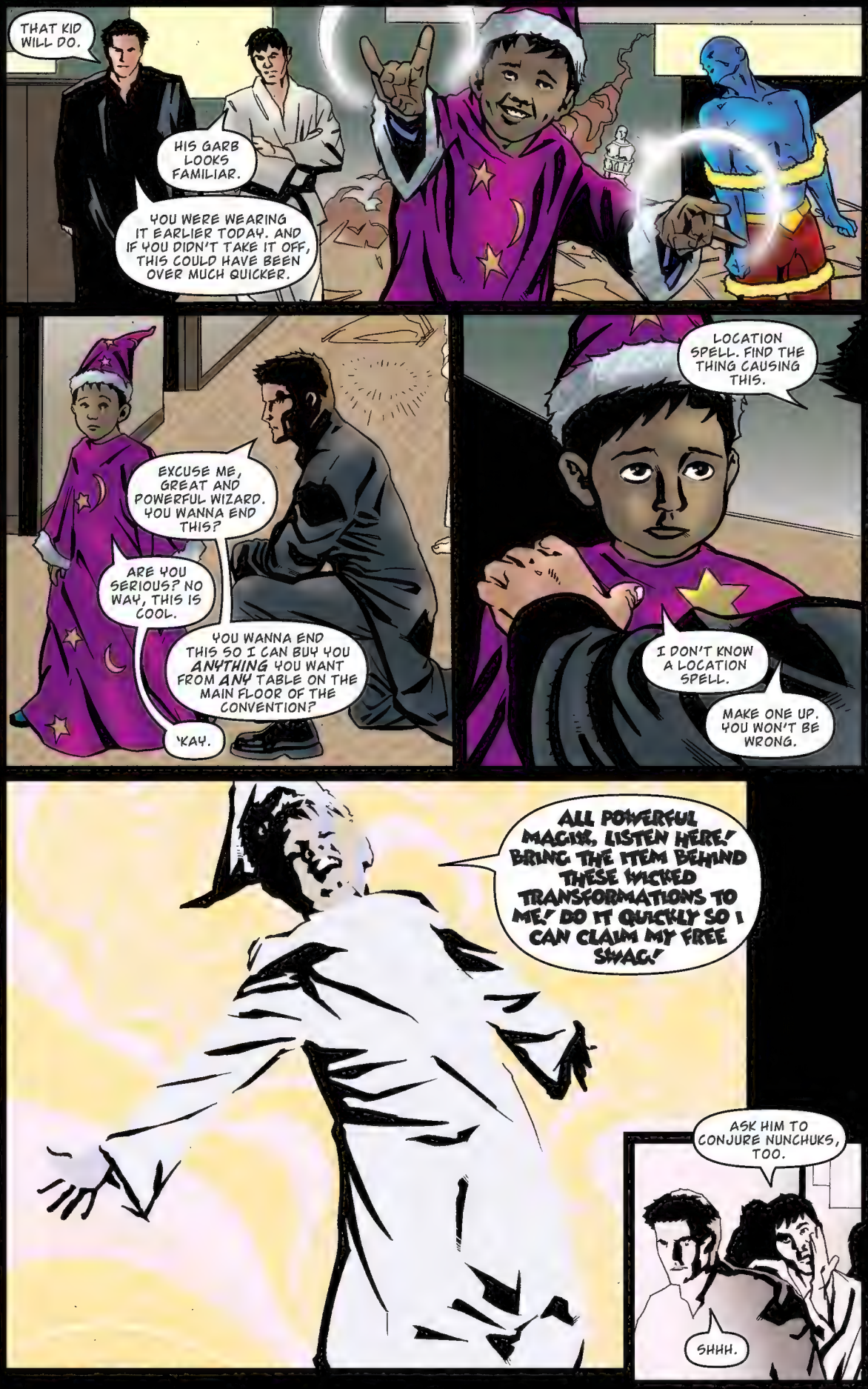
HIIIII-YA!
YOU WERE RIGHT, ANGEL. THE VASE WAS NOT ENCHANTED.
THANKS, JEREMY.
AND SERIOUSLY, IF YOU COULD USE YOUR TEMPORARY SUPERHERO ABILITIES TO STOP OTHER PEOPLE WITH TEMPORARY SUPERHERO ABILITIES FROM HURTING EACH OTHER, I'D APPRECIATE IT.
IS THAT ALL? I HAVE MANY POWERS TO SPEAK OF. DO YOU NEED ANY CLOTHES SEEN THROUGH?
THAT WOULDN'T HELP, CAPTAIN, UM...
ADMIRAL. ADMIRAL STUPENDOUS.
OH, ARE YOU RELATED TO HAL AND MARGE STUPENDOUS, FROM NORTHRIDGE?
I DON'T... THINK... SO...
IT WAS A JOKE. BUT NO, JUST ROUND UP THE OTHERS, OKAY. ONLY WAY YOU CAN HELP END THIS IS IF YOU COULD...
...WAIT A MINUTE...

CONFERENCE ROOMS A-E
...OH, WOW. IS THAT THE SOLUTION?
KINDA... STUPID. BUT THAT SEEMS TO BE HOW THE DAY IS GOING.
JEREMY! WE NEED TO FIND A SPECIFIC COSTUME—
IRONICALLY, IT'S...
...OH, YOU'RE BUSY.
ANGEL.
THAT SCENT. NOT A TEMPORARY DEMON.
THIS ONE'S LIVED IN.
PUT HIM DOWN—
KRUNCH!
DRESSES STRAIGHT-TO-VIDEO. HITS LIKE A TON OF BRICKS.
I THOUGHT THIS JOB WAS GOING TO BE AN EFFORT. YOU MUST HAVE PAID WELL FOR YOUR REPUTATION.

TERRIBLE ENOUGH I HAVE TO LOWER MYSELF TO ATTEND SUCH A CONGREGATION OF LOUD, SWEATY CATTLE. THOUGH I MUST ADMIT, THE RESEARCH I CONDUCTED ABOUT THESE CONVENTIONS DID NOT STATE THEY WERE AT ALL DANGEROUS.
I WAS TOLD TO SLAUGHTER A VAMPIRE, GET IN, GET OUT.
WHY COULDN'T THIS THING HAVE COME DRESSED AS A BEAR? WOULD HAVE MADE THINGS SO EASY.
AREN'T YOU GOING TO AT LEAST TRY AND FIND THE FLAMING SWORD BEFORE YOU ATTEMPT TO KILL ME?
YOU?
I HAD NO IDEA YOU'D BE HERE. I WAS PAID 25 TIMES MY NORMAL FEE TO TAKE DOWN SPIKE.
WHY, IS THERE A BOUNTY ON YOU? SHOULD I MAKE YOU A PRISONER, AND THEN SELL YOU TO THE HIGHEST BIDDER?
ATTENTION, GOOD PEOPLE OF THE CON! THIS IS YOUR CHAMPION, ANGEL! I KNOW YOU MUST BE CONFUSED. YOU'RE LOST AND SCARED AND SUDDENLY SUPER POWERFUL. TRUST ME, I'VE BEEN THERE.
THAT'S HIM.
IS HE... IS HE ATTEMPTING A DIFFERENT ACCENT?
YOU CAME HERE DRESSED AS YOUR FAVORITE HERO. SO HONOR THEM AND BECOME THE HERO THAT LIES DEEP, DEEP WITHIN YOU.


SOMETHING IS CAUSING THIS HARMONIC DIVERGENCE. SOMETHING IS MESSING WITH REALITY. WE NEED TO FIND THE SPECIFIC ITEM AND DESTROY IT. FLY, USE YOUR X-RAY VISION, PUNCH A WALL IF NEED BE, BUT FIND IT! TO SAVE THE WORLD.
TO SAVE US ALL.
THIS IS ANGEL. DO IT FOR ALL THAT IS GOOD AND JUST. DO IT FOR WHAT IS RIGHT.
ALSO, JUST A REMINDER, FOOD PURCHASED BY OUTSIDE VENDORS IS NOT ALLOWED IN THE AUDITORIUM. IF YOU WANT SOMETHING TO EAT OR DRINK, PLEASE PURCHASE SOMETHING FROM ONE OF THE LICENSED KIOSKS.
THANK YOU.
NO, FRIEND, THANK YOU.
SPIKE'S MESSAGE IS JUST WHAT HALF OF THE COSTUMED INDIVIDUALS WANT TO HEAR.
A CALL TO ARMS. AN ACTUAL MISSION. A CHANCE TO BE A HERO.


BUT...
...THE OTHER HALF OF THE PEOPLE AT THE CON...
...THEY WERE DRESSED AS VILLAINS.
WAS I JUST FELLED WITH A PEN? ALL THE POWERS RUNNING ABOUT, HE TOOK ME DOWN WITH A PEN?
REPUTATION IS VERY MUCH DESERVED, I SUPPOSE.
AND NOW ALL THESE TEMPORARY VILLAINS KNOW THAT A POWERFUL PIECE OF MAGIC IS SOMEWHERE IN THE CONVENTION CENTER.
PEOPLE PEOPLE PEOPLE! THIS IS NOT THE WAY TO MY HEART!
SPIKE THINKS HE'S ME. SO THIS PLAN IS SOMETHING HE THOUGHT I'D COME UP WITH.
AND IT IS. I ALSO PLANNED ON USING THE CONVENTION-GOERS' NEWFOUND PERSONAS.
THERE.
MY VERSION OF THE PLAN WAS JUST A TAD MORE SUBTLE.


THAT KID WILL DO.
HIS GARB LOOKS FAMILIAR.
YOU WERE WEARING IT EARLIER TODAY. AND IF YOU DIDN'T TAKE IT OFF, THIS COULD HAVE BEEN OVER MUCH QUICKER.
EXCUSE ME, GREAT AND POWERFUL WIZARD. YOU WANNA END THIS?
ARE YOU SERIOUS? NO WAY, THIS IS COOL.
YOU WANNA END THIS SO I CAN BUY YOU ANYTHING YOU WANT FROM ANY TABLE ON THE MAIN FLOOR OF THE CONVENTION?
'KAY.
LOCATION SPELL. FIND THE THING CAUSING THIS.
I DON'T KNOW A LOCATION SPELL.
MAKE ONE UP. YOU WON'T BE WRONG.
ALL POWERFUL MAGIK, LISTEN HERE! BRING THE ITEM BEHIND THESE WICKED TRANSFORMATIONS TO ME! DO IT QUICKLY SO I CAN CLAIM MY FREE SWAG!
ASK HIM TO CONJURE NUNCHUKS, TOO.
SHHH.

COSTUMES
COSTUMES
THAT'S RIGHT, STEP UP, MERE MORTALS! WE ARE RESPONSIBLE FOR THIS! WE ARE YOUR GODS!
AND NOT DOCILE MORGAN FREEMAN GOD, WE'RE TALKING FULL-FORCE, 110% JACK KIRBY GODS! WITH ARMOR AND OMEGA BEAMS AND CHESS PIECES MADE TO LOOK LIKE MY ENEMIES!
YOU HAVE NO IDEA THE POWER WE—
—UM. THE STATUE IS... UM, IGGY, SHE'S TWITCHING!
THAT'S NOT SUPPOSED TO HAPPEN, GRAB IT—
AW, FRAKKIN' SHAZBOT!
WOW. THANK YOU—
LINUS.
THE ALL-POWERFUL MIGHTY LINUS.
THANK YOU, LINUS.
YEAH. IT'S ME.
WELL, IT'S YOU. IT'S THE OTHER YOU. I'M THE FIRST ME, BUT YOU THINK...
...LISTEN, JUST LISTEN...

ARE YOU SURE? BUT... THAT'S... I MEAN, I FEEL LIKE ME, AND...
...IF YOU SAY SO. I TRUST ME, SO. UNLESS I'M ANGELUS, IS THIS ANGELUS? IS THIS CELL PHONE SYMBOLIC? IF THIS IS A "TWO SIDES OF THE SAME COIN" MOTIF—
—OKAY. OKAY, I WILL. BE WELL, ME.
HELLO, EVERYONE. OKAY, I GUESS YOU CAN IGNORE THAT LAST TRANSMISSION, BECAUSE...
...WELL, IT'S BEEN TAKEN OF. I SINCERELY HOPE YOU ENJOYED YOUR SHORT TIME AS A CHAMPION OF JUSTICE. BUT...
...BUT IT WAS A LIE AND IT'S OVER.
SO IF YOU'RE FLYING, IT'S BEST YOU COME BACK TO THE EARTH.
BECAUSE YOU'RE ABOUT TO COME CRASHING DOWN.

A QUICK GLANCE OUTSIDE TO MAKE SURE PEOPLE LISTENED, AND THEN...
...IT'S OVER.
DON'T GET ME WRONG, THE FIGHTS STILL CONTINUE...
...ONLY THEY'RE SUDDENLY EVER-SO-SLIGHTLY LESS EARTH-SHATTERING.
WE SHOULDA HID THE BUST SOMEWHERE OUT OF THE WAY, WHERE NO ONE COULDA FOUND IT!
OH, YEAH, WHERE?
I DON'T KNOW, LIKE THE VACUUM OF SPACE. IT COULD HAPPEN!
A FEW HOURS LATER...
CON EXCLUSIVE FIGURE
OKAY THEN, BATHROOM DEMONS!
I MEAN, I KINDA SORTA STILL REMEMBER SOME MOVES.
I REMEMBER EYE BEAMS.
MAN, SERIOUSLY, ALL THE COOLEST STUFF THAT I DO IS NEGATED. EACH AND EVERY TIME. ALTHOUGH, DYING WAS ALSO NEGATED, SO, YOU KNOW, GLASS HALF FULL.
YOU WANTED THE SWORD, DID YOU? WELL, HERE IT IS, ONLY SLIGHTLY EXPLODED. TAKE IT IF YOU DARE!
YOU ARE ALSO MORE THAN WELCOME TO TRY AND TAKE THIS MAGIC SKATEBOARD I ALSO GRABBED FROM THE REMAINS OF THE AUCTION ROOM. I WARN YOU, THOUGH, I DO REALLY WANT TO KEEP IT.

SO... A DEMON CAME HERE LOOKING TO TAKE YOU DOWN, YOU LOOKING INTO IT?
NOT GONNA BE EASY. HE'S OFF AND GONE. YOU COULD HAVE AT LEAST TIED HIM UP. BUT... IT IS NICE TO KNOW SOMEONE OUT THERE WANTS ME DEAD.
OH, I'M SURE THERE ARE PEOPLE ALL OVER THIS AND EVERY OTHER DIMENSION THAT WANT A PIECE OF YOU.
HEY, I'M NOT CAPTAIN LONER, ONLY LEAVING THE BORECAVE TO PICK FIGHTS. I'M VAMPIRES WHO KNOW PEOPLE. LOOK, JEREMY INVITED ME TO HIS WEDDING. HE SAID I'D BE THE BEST MAN THERE, SO I SAID I WOULD GO. I THINK IT WAS THE RESIDUE OF MY INNER ANGEL SPEAKING.
YOUR VERSION OF ME.
INVITE
IS IT ALWAYS LIKE THAT FOR YOU? FREAKING OUT OVER THE SAFETY OF EVERY SINGLE PERSON?
SO YOU'RE CLAIMING YOU'RE NOT THE SAME WAY? I'VE SEEN YOU IN ACTION, SPIKE. I KNOW YOU, AND I HATE TO ADMIT IT AS MUCH AS YOU'LL HATE TO HEAR IT, BUT...
GET THIS STRAIGHT, ANGEL. I'M NOT YOU.
WHAT I MEAN, IS... I LEND A HAND IF I'M BORED, BUT... BUT...

COMING THIS DECEMBER!
LAST ANGEL IN HELL
WWW.LASTANGELINHELLMOVIE.COM

EXIT
NEVER GETS EASIER, DOES IT?
I WANT TO SAY YES, SPIKE. I REALLY DO.
END.

LAST ANGEL IN HELL MOVIE ADAPTATION

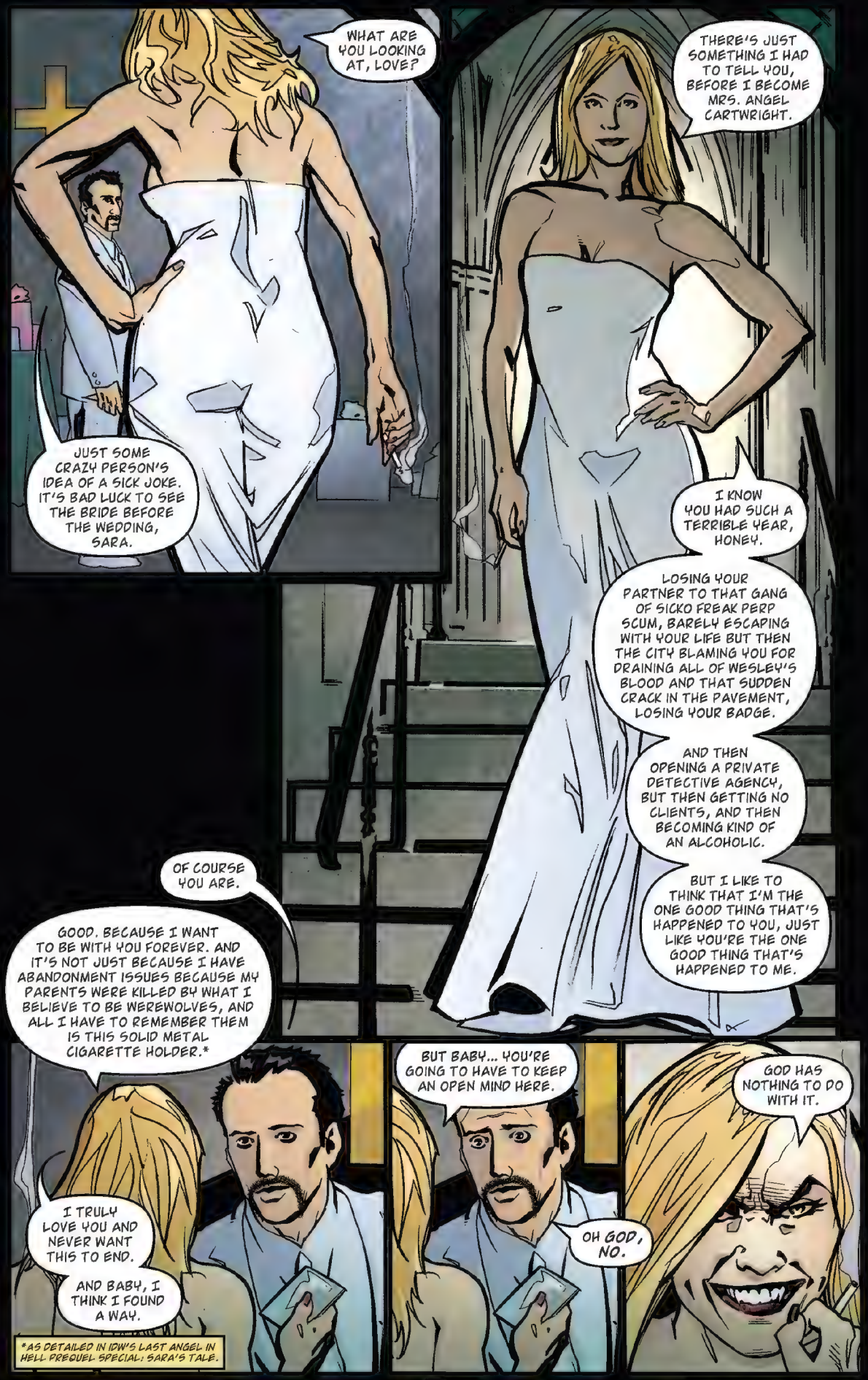
chapter four

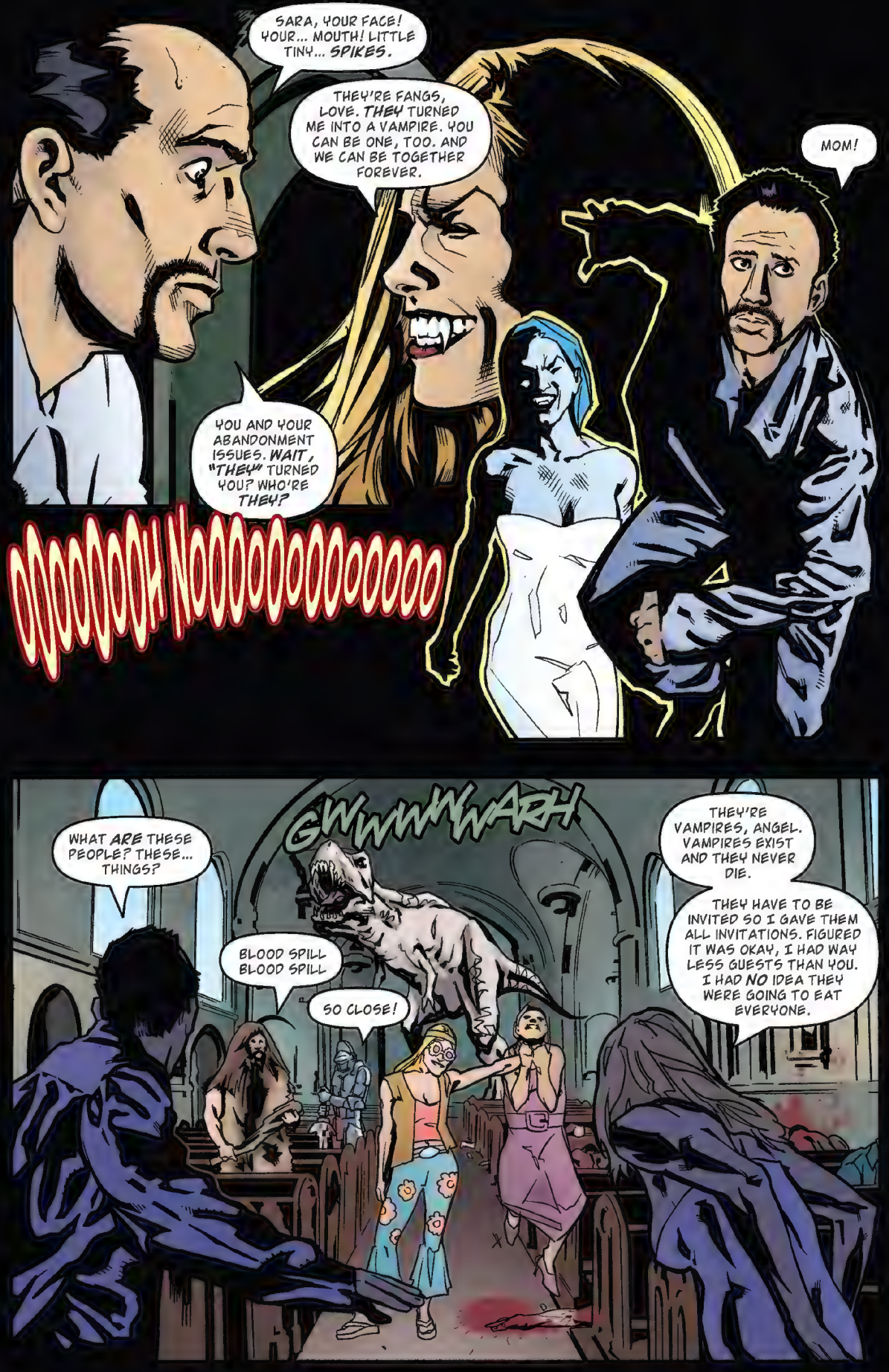
LOS ANGELES, PREHISTORIC B.C. TIMES.
THE WAR BETWEEN VAMPIRE AND MAN DID NOT BEGIN WITH MAN.
BLUUUUURG
A DINOSAUR LOST ITS MATE. A DINOSAUR CURSED GOD IN ITS OWN DINOSAUR WAY.
THE DEVIL HEARD THE DINOSAUR'S CRIES. THE VOLCANOES SPEWED BLOOD...
AND SATAN FOUND ITS FIRST AGENT ON EARTH.
THE FIRST VAMPIRE WAS MADE.
IT'S THE REASON DINOSAURS WENT EXTINCT.
BUT IT'S ALSO THE REASON...
...HELL CAME TO EARTH.
SSSSSSSSSS

TONIGHT.
DETECTIVE ANGEL CARTWRIGHT, LAPD! FREEZE!
I WARNED HIM.
WHAT ARE YOU DOING, YOU CRAZY LOOSE CANNON? THERE'S PROTOCOL TO FOLLOW!
YOU'RE MY PARTNER, NOT MY MOTHER, WESLEY.
BESIDES, THIS SICKO FREAK PERP SCUM JUST DRAINED A SHOPKEEPER AND HIS FAMILY OF THEIR BLOOD. THAT'S... INHUMANE.
TRY INHUMAN.

WHAT THE HELL?!
EXACTLY.
WESLEY! MY PARTNER!
MORE BLOOD MUST BE SPILLED! HIS TIME IS COMING! HELL IS BREAKING THROUGH!
NOOOOOOOO!
NO.
NO, MOM. WESLEY MY PARTNER WON'T BE HERE. NO, HE WOULD BE MY BEST MAN, BUT HE'S DEAD. HE WAS KILLED AND DRAINED OF HIS BLOOD, MOM. WE'VE BEEN OVER THIS, YOU DO THIS EVERY TIME. YES, I'LL SEE YOU IN A MOMENT.

ALL THESE WEDDING GIFTS. BUT THE GREATEST GIFT OF ALL IS LIFE. I WILL NEVER FORGET THAT.
WHAT'S THIS?
WHO WRAPS A WEDDING PRESENT IN NEWSPAPERS? DID SARA INVITE A HOBO?
TWO DIE IN NECK-HOLE INJURY
VICE PRESIDENT DEAD OF TERRORIST NECK ATTACK
HMMM. I DETECT A COMMON THEME.
THEY TOOK YOUR PARTNER
TAKE THEM DOWN
WE CAN HELP YOU KILL THE MAN
?
??


WHAT ARE YOU LOOKING AT, LOVE?
JUST SOME CRAZY PERSON'S IDEA OF A SICK JOKE. IT'S BAD LUCK TO SEE THE BRIDE BEFORE THE WEDDING, SARA.
THERE'S JUST SOMETHING I HAD TO TELL YOU, BEFORE I BECOME MRS. ANGEL CARTWRIGHT.
I KNOW YOU HAD SUCH A TERRIBLE YEAR, HONEY.
LOSING YOUR PARTNER TO THAT GANG OF SICKO FREAK PERP SCUM, BARELY ESCAPING WITH YOUR LIFE BUT THEN THE CITY BLAMING YOU FOR DRAINING ALL OF WESLEY'S BLOOD AND THAT SUDDEN CRACK IN THE PAVEMENT, LOSING YOUR BADGE.
AND THEN OPENING A PRIVATE DETECTIVE AGENCY, BUT THEN GETTING NO CLIENTS, AND THEN BECOMING KIND OF AN ALCOHOLIC.
BUT I LIKE TO THINK THAT I'M THE ONE GOOD THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO YOU, JUST LIKE YOU'RE THE ONE GOOD THING THAT'S HAPPENED TO ME.
OF COURSE YOU ARE.
GOOD. BECAUSE I WANT TO BE WITH YOU FOREVER. AND IT'S NOT JUST BECAUSE I HAVE ABANDONMENT ISSUES BECAUSE MY PARENTS WERE KILLED BY WHAT I BELIEVE TO BE WEREWOLVES, AND ALL I HAVE TO REMEMBER THEM IS THIS SOLID METAL CIGARETTE HOLDER.*
I TRULY LOVE YOU AND NEVER WANT THIS TO END.
AND BABY, I THINK I FOUND A WAY.
BUT BABY... YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO KEEP AN OPEN MIND HERE.
OH GOD, NO.
GOD HAS NOTHING TO DO WITH IT.
*AS DETAILED IN IDW'S LAST ANGEL IN HELL PREQUEL SPECIAL: SARA'S TALE.


SARA, YOUR FACE! YOUR... MOUTH! LITTLE TINY... SPIKES.
THEY'RE FANGS, LOVE. THEY TURNED ME INTO A VAMPIRE. YOU CAN BE ONE, TOO. AND WE CAN BE TOGETHER FOREVER.
MOM!
YOU AND YOUR ABANDONMENT ISSUES. WAIT, "THEY" TURNED YOU? WHO'RE THEY?
OOOOOOH NOOOOOOOOOOO
GWWWWARH
WHAT ARE THESE PEOPLE? THESE... THINGS?
BLOOD SPILL BLOOD SPILL
SO CLOSE!
THEY'RE VAMPIRES, ANGEL. VAMPIRES EXIST AND THEY NEVER DIE.
THEY HAVE TO BE INVITED SO I GAVE THEM ALL INVITATIONS. FIGURED IT WAS OKAY, I HAD WAY LESS GUESTS THAN YOU. I HAD NO IDEA THEY WERE GOING TO EAT EVERYONE.

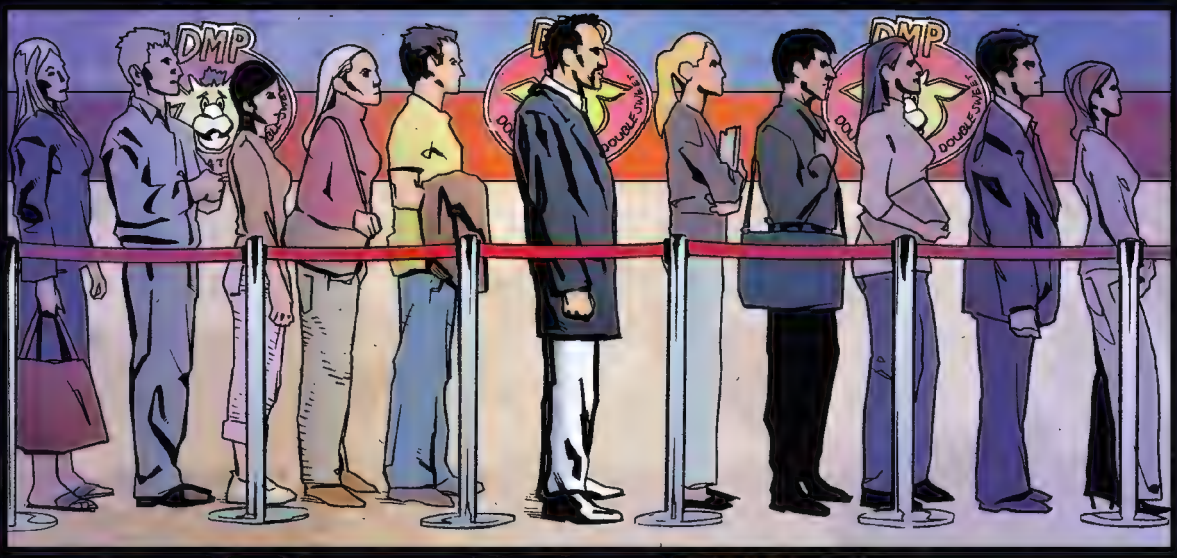
PUT MY MOM DOWN!
OH, I INTEND TO. WE, LIKE, WE RILLY NEED MORE BLOOD TO BE SPILLED.
AND LO, VAMPIRES DO WALK THE EARTH. WHEN THEY EXPUNGE ENOUGH OF MAN'S SOULBLOOD THAT EARTH ITSELF IS AS HELL ITSELF...
...HELL ITSELF SHALL RISE. AND SATAN HIMSELF SHALL RULE.
FATHER PETE!?
IT'S IN THE BIBLE. UNABRIDGED EDITION...
PADRE...
...YOU SAID A MOUTHFUL.
MOM! MY MOTHER!
LET'S GO, "SPIKE." HEH.
THIS IS IT! HIS TIME IS NOW!

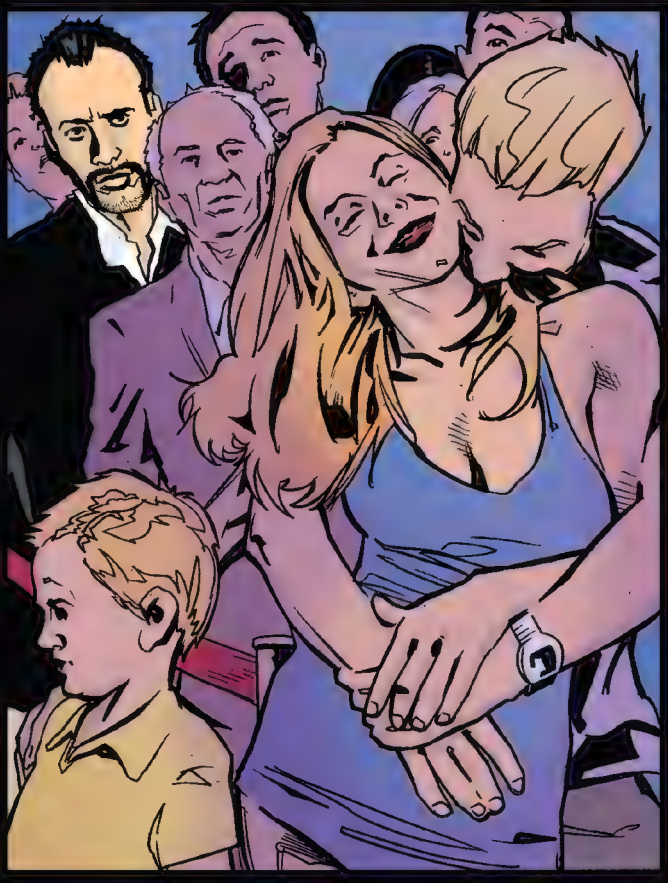
LOS ANGELES!
MY... CITY.
HOLLYWOOD

I CAN'T BELIEVE IT. VAMPIRES EXIST AND I DIDN'T STOP THEM. MY FIANCEE IS ONE OF THEM AND MY MOM IS DEAD...
...AND THE TOWN I GREW UP IN...
...CITY OF ANGELS."
NAME'S OFFICIALLY IRONIC.

TWO MONTHS LATER.
BLAM
GOTCHA.
IT'S BEEN DAYS. WEEKS. MONTHS.
SINCE THEN, I KEEP A SOLITARY LIFE. KEEP TO MYSELF. KEEP TO THE SHADOWS. A MUTT NAMED GEORGE IS MY ONLY FRIEND. EVERYTHING IS GONE...

OVERLORNE SAYS:
BEHAVE
OR BE EATEN
LOS ANGELES HAS GONE TO HELL. NO IDEA IF THE REST OF THE WORLD KNOWS, OR CARES.
THE DEMONS TOOK OVER THE CITY. ONE PARTICULAR DEMON TOOK OVER THOSE DEMONS.
MOST PEOPLE ARE AFRAID TO LEAVE THEIR HOMES.
POSITIVE ID, IT'S HIM.
HEADED TO DOUBLEMEAT PALACE.
OF COURSE HE IS, DOUBLEMEAT FOOD IS SO DELICIOUS EVEN THE OVERLORNE GIVES IT PROPS.


DMP
DMP
DMP



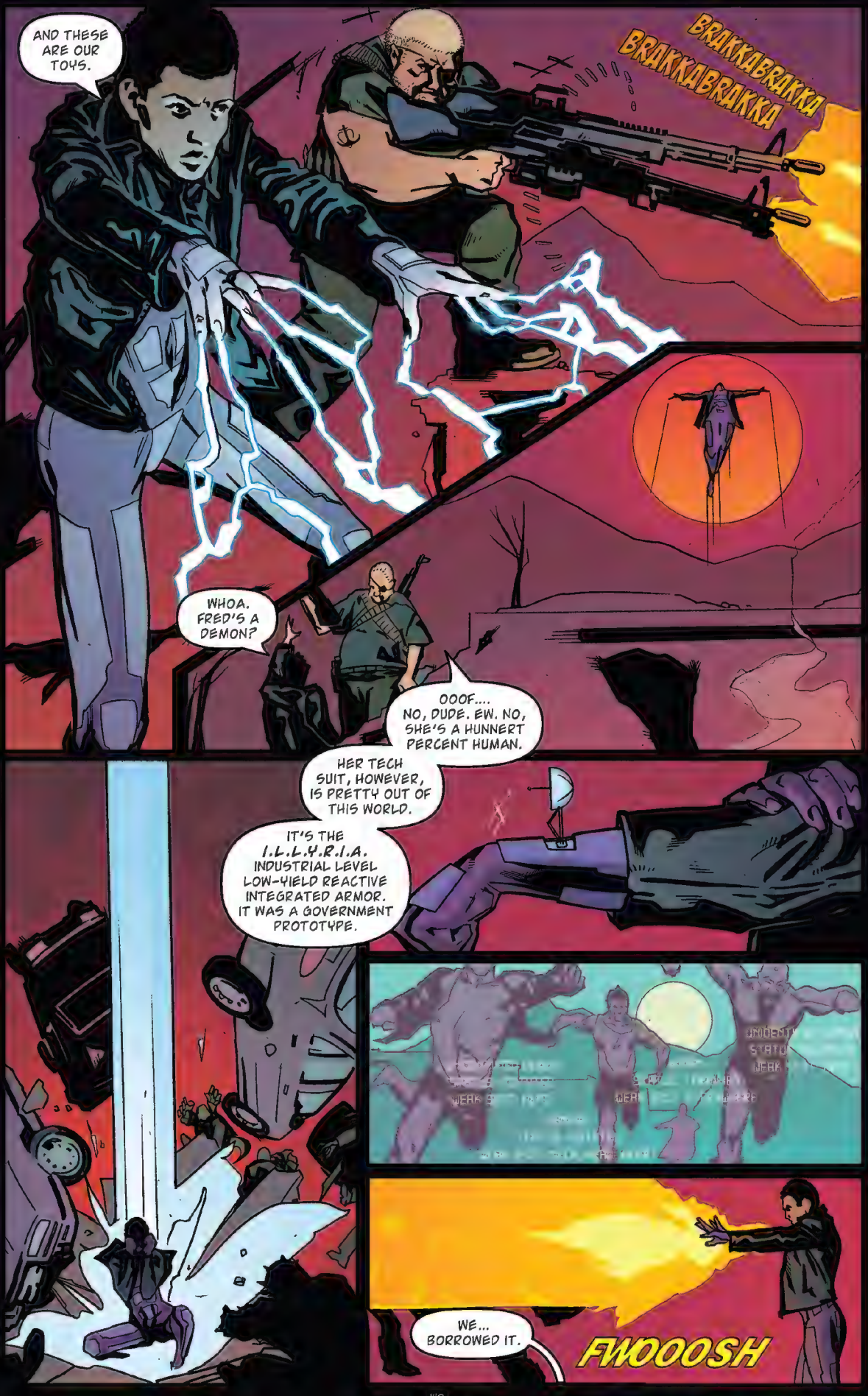
WELCOME TO DOUBLEMEAT! NOW FEATURING HELLFIRE BROILING! CAN I TAKE YOUR ORDER?
I'LL TAKE ONE DELICIOUS—
WELL WELL WELL, LOOK WHAT WE HAVE HERE.
ALL THESE SUCCULENT HUMAN MORSELS. AND I ALWAYS THOUGHT THERE WAS NOTHING GOOD TO EAT AT DOUBLEMEAT PALACE.
WHICH IS CRAZY, BECAUSE PRETTY MUCH EVERYTHING AT DOUBLEMEAT IS DELICIOUS.
I KNOW, I WAS SPEAKIN' ALL SORTS OF THREATENING.
THIS HAPPENS SOMETIMES. WE CAN'T DO ANYTHING, OR YOU-KNOW-WHO WILL CLOSE THE PLACE DOWN.
I'M GONNA START WITH THE KID AS AN APPETIZER. MOM'S DESSERT.
YOU SKIPPED THE MAIN COURSE. OH, IS THE GUY THE MAIN COURSE?
JUST, JUST SHUT UP.

LET IT GO! WHAT ARE WE SUPPOSED TO DO?
YOU JUST GOTTA DO ONE THING...
...CHANGE THE SIGN OUTSIDE.
DOUBLEMEAT PALACE
OVER FIVE BILLION SERVED
DOUBLEMEAT PALACE
OVER FIVE BILLION SERVED
BECAUSE THREE MORE ARE ABOUT TO GET SERVED.

AW, HELL.
SOK!
CHOMP!
DO THINGS THE OLD-FASHIONED WAY, THEN. IT'S FINE, I'M AN OLD-FASHIONED GUY. MY APARTMENT PHONE IS ROTARY, IT'S TRUE.
EXIT
SOMEONE ISN'T FOLLOWING THE RULES.

DEMONS CAN EAT WHATEVER... WHOEVER THEY WANT.
I THINK YOU MEAN WHOMEVER AND I DON'T FOLLOW RULES I DON'T LIKE.
GET A LOAD OF THE BIG HERO.
HERE'S SOMETHING EVERYONE SHOULD KNOW ABOUT ANGEL CARTWRIGHT. THIS DO-GOODER DID MORE EVIL THAN MOST EVILDOERS, AND HE DID IT GOOOOD.
HE LET THE VAMPIRES SPILL ENOUGH BLOOD FOR HELL TO COME TO TOWN. HE'S TO BLAME. I THANK HIM FOR THAT, BUT I UNDERSTAND IF THE HUMANS WANT TO HOLD A GRUDGE.
I... MADE SOME MISTAKES. BIG ONES.
AND FOR A WHILE NOW, I'VE BEEN AFRAID TO MAKE THINGS RIGHT. BUT THAT...
...THAT ENDS TODAY.
WELL SAID, DUDE.

BUT YOU'RE NOT DOING IT ALONE.
WHO... ARE YOU?
THAT'S GUNN. I'M FRED.


AND THESE ARE OUR TOYS.
BRAKKABRAKKA
BRAKKABRAKKA
WHOA. FRED'S A DEMON?
OOOF.... NO, DUDE. EW. NO, SHE'S A HUNNERT PERCENT HUMAN.
HER TECH SUIT, HOWEVER, IS PRETTY OUT OF THIS WORLD.
IT'S THE I.L.L.Y.R.I.A. INDUSTRIAL LEVEL LOW-YIELD REACTIVE INTEGRATED ARMOR. IT WAS A GOVERNMENT PROTOTYPE.
WE... BORROWED IT.
FWOOOSH

YOU'RE NOT ALLOWED TO TOUCH ME, ANGEL! I'M IN CHARGE!
NO, YOU'RE NOT.
BUT YOU TELL YOUR BIG RED BOSS THAT THERE'S ONE ANGEL LEFT IN HELL. AND BY THE TIME I'M DONE WITH HIM, BEELZE-BOZO WILL BE PRAYING TO HIS ARCH ENEMY TO MAKE ME STOP.
THAT'S THE SPIRIT! MAN, WE'VE BEEN REACHING OUT TO YOU FOR MONTHS, WAY BEFORE YOU PUNCHED THE CITY'S TICKET TO HOCKEY STICKS. DID YOU GET OUR WEDDING GIFTS?
YOU SENT THOSE STAKES?
YEAH. GUNN AND I, WE KILL VAMPIRES. HAVE FOR YEARS. THOUGHT YOU COULD HELP. THOUGHT WRONG.
FRED, YOU *HEARD* THE MAN! HE'S GONNA JOIN THE FIGHT.
I SAID I WAS GONNA FIGHT. I DIDN'T SAY I WAS GOING TO JOIN ANYTHING. I'M A LONER.
KEY WORD, "LONE." AS IN "A-LONE." WHICH IS WHAT I AM AND WHAT I WANT TO BE. ANYONE WORKS WITH ME, THEY WIND UP DEAD, OR WORSE. I'LL HANDLE THE DEVIL HIS ASS SOLO. COME ON, GEORGE.
THE DEVIL HAS A FEW TRICKS UP HIS SLEEVE, ANGEL! HE'S GOT POWER AND MOJO AND HENCHMEN AND, AND, A LADY—

DEVIL'S GOT A GIRLFRIEND, HMMM?
SO WHEN I KILL HIM, HE WON'T DIE A VIRGIN. THANKS FOR THE ASSIST.
BUT ANGEL, THERE'S SOMETHING YOU NEED TO—
LET HIM GO.
BUT—
HE'LL FIND OUT FOR HIMSELF...
...AND THEN HE'LL BE BACK, TRUST ME.
LATER.
I CAN DO THIS. I DON'T NEED THEM. DON'T NEED ANYONE.

CHARITY EVENT. HE'LL BE HERE. HELL, HE'S THROWING IT.
SATAN'S CHARITY BALL
DONATE YOUR SOUL
TO HELP STARVING ORPHANS
GREAT MUSIC. FOOD COURTESY OF L.A.'S FIVE-STAR RESTAURANTS. AND ALL YOU NEED TO ATTEND IS ONE HUMAN SOUL.
WHAT DOES HE NEED WITH MORE SOULS?
TIME TO FIND OUT. DON'T HAVE A SOUL OF MY OWN TO DONATE...
...LOST MINE A WHILE AGO. ALONG WITH MY HEART.
FIGURATIVELY.
SO I FIND ANOTHER WAY IN.

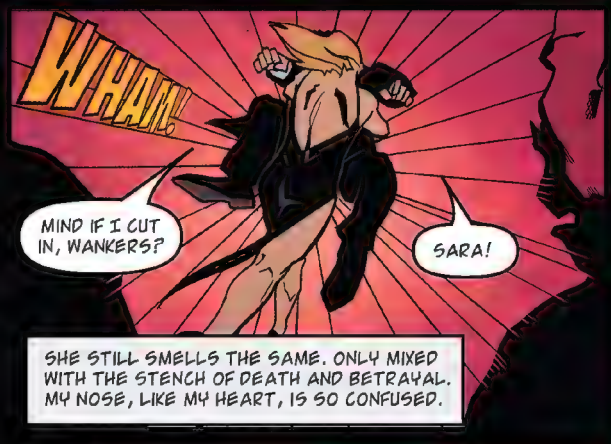
OKAY, EVIL...
...LET'S PARTY.
THE BAND IS GREAT, BUT I DON'T SEE HIM. HE PROBABLY WANTS TO MAKE AN ENTRANCE.
I'M JUST ITCHING TO MAKE HIS EXIT.
LOOK AT YOU, TALL, DARK, AND BROODING. YOU HERE ALONE?
I'M EVERYWHERE ALONE.
MY HEART BELONGS TO ANOTHER. EVEN THOUGH I WANT HER TO BE DEAD, TOO. WELL, MORE DEAD. SHE'S... SHE'S ALREADY DEAD, IT'S COMPLICATED. MY POINT IS, F#@* OFF.
THE BAND FEATURED IN LAST ANGEL IN HELL IS WORLD-RENOWNED AND MULTI-PLATINUM BUT DID NOT GIVE IDW THE RIGHTS TO THEIR IMAGE. WORD ON THE INTERNET IS THE BAND IN QUESTION HAS A DEAL WITH A RIVAL COMIC BOOK COMPANY. SO, NEAT. BE ON THE LOOK-OUT FOR THE ADVENTURES OF THE BAND WHO THINKS THEY'RE GREAT BUT THEY'RE NOT. COMING SOON TO COMIC SHOP DISCOUNT BINS EVERYWHERE.

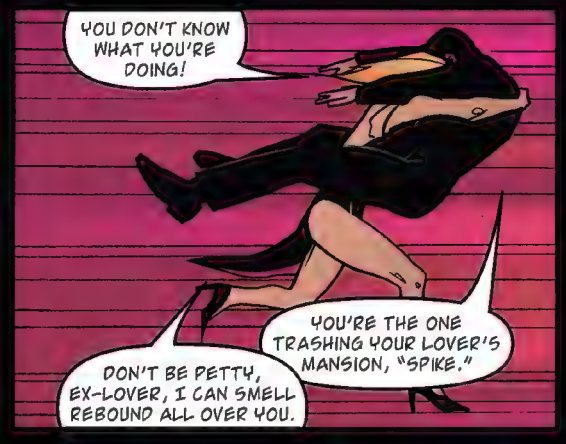
GUARDS. I'M NOT ON THE GUEST LIST. IN FACT, THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE I'M ON THE HIT LIST.
THEY CAN'T SEE ME. NOT YET.
WHAT ARE YOMMMMPH MMMMMM—
GET A ROOM, YOU TWO.
DON'T MAKE US TELL YOU AGAIN.
I'M NOT PROUD OF THIS. BUT HELL CAN BE LONELY. EVEN FOR A LONER. AND ALTHOUGH MY BODY IS IN THIS ROOM, ALL UP IN THIS LADY...
...MY HEAD, MY HEART, IS ALL UP IN A MEMORY.
THIS IS THE BEST.

THREE MINUTES LATER, I FEEL DIRTY. NOT JUST BECAUSE OF THE ODD PLACEMENT OF THAT DEMON CHICK'S ORGANS, BUT BECAUSE I DIDN'T WANT IT TO BE HER.
AFTER ALL THIS TIME, I STILL WANT—
—SARA.
WHAT'S SHE DOING HERE? IS SHE IN TROUBLE? IS SHE—
GENTLEMEN, KEEP YOUR DISTANCE FROM MY LADY.
IT'S HIM. THE DEVIL IN THE FLESH.
THE
OLD
GROSS
FLESH.
NEVER FOURGET. SPIKE'S WITH ME.
I CAN'T BELIEVE WHAT I'M SEEING. MY EYES MUST BE LYING. HOLY CHRISTMAS, MY EYES ARE SUCH DOUCHEBAGS.

I FEEL SO BETRAYED.
CALL ME.
WILL DO.
NOW, OUNTO TONIGHT'S BIG SHOW. MY VAMPIRE AGENTS HAVE BEEN WOURKING SINCE THE BEGINNING OF TIME, KILLING HUMANS AND RIPPING SOULBLOODE OUT THEIR NECKS.
AH. IT ALL MAKES PERFECT SENSE NOW.
EONS LATER, ENOUGH SOULBLOODE HAD BEEN SPILLED THAT I COULD WALK THE EARTH. AND HELL COULD COME WITH ME. BUT I'M STILL FEELING... WEAK.
NO. GOOD GOD, NO.
LUCKILY YOU ALL GAVE ME... GIFTS.
HE'S KILLING THEM FOR DEVIOUS PURPOSES.
MY... SOULBLOODE...
CAN FEEL... SOULBLOODE LEAVING... BODY...
PARTY'S OVER, SAID THE ANGEL.

ANGEL.
WHERE?
OH. THERE.
GATECRASHER. DO-GOODER. EX-BOYFRIEND OF MY CURRENT LADY. THERE ARE SO MANY REASONS TO HAVE IT OUT FOR YOU, ANGEL.
OKAY THEN.
THIS PARTY'S ABOUT TO GET A FLOORSHOW.
LET'S DANCE!
SURE, HOPE YOU DON'T MIND MOSHING. ON YOUR FACE.
I DO MIND THAT!
WHAP
WHAM
REMINDER: SEND NOTE TO MOM AND DAD TO THANK THEM FOR RIVERDANCE LESSONS. THAT PASSING FAD SAVED MY LIFE.
DOUBLE REMINDER: MOM'S DEAD. LEAVE HER OFF THE THANK YOU NOTE, LEST I BUM OUT DAD.

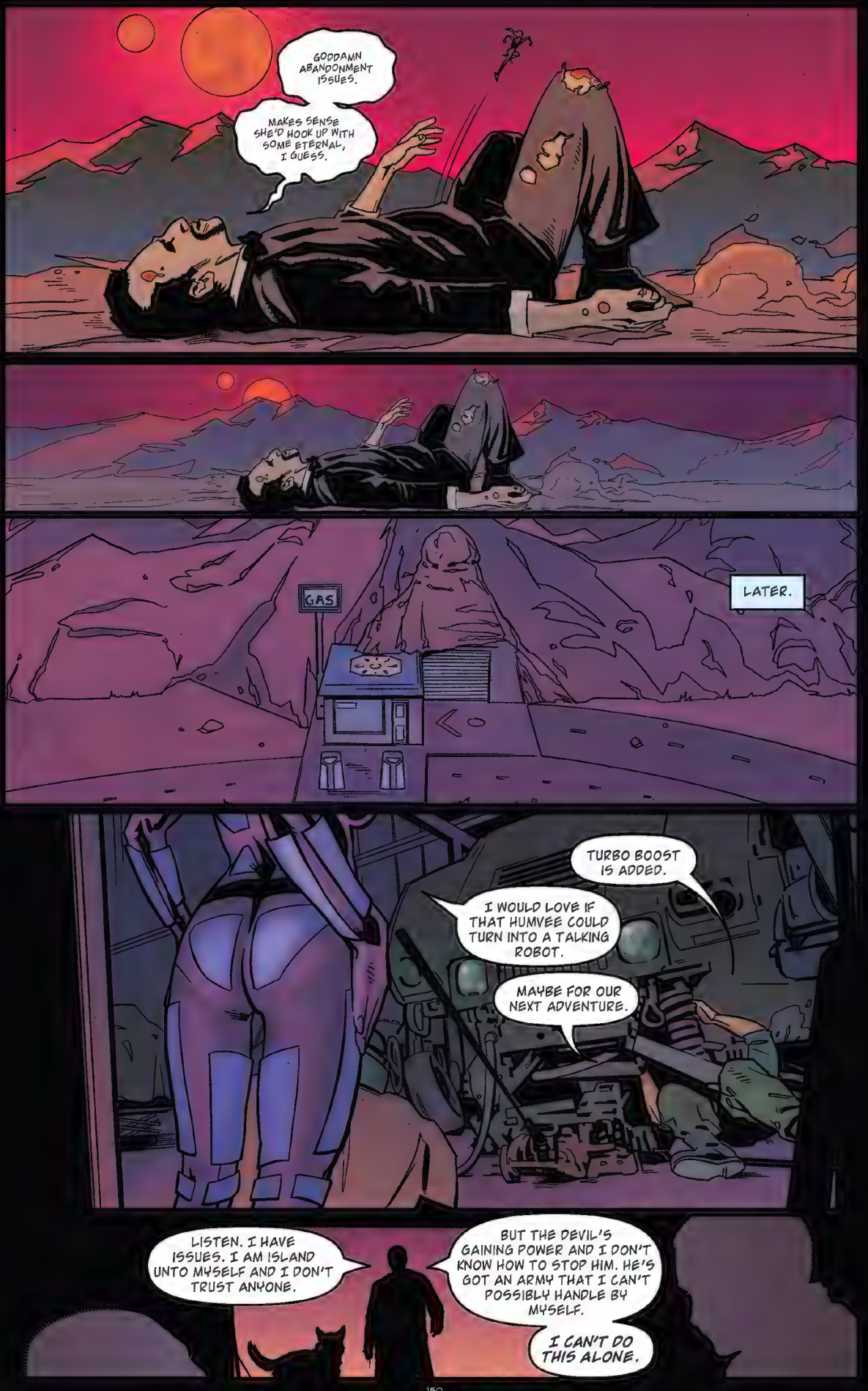

WHAM!
MIND IF I CUT IN, WANKERS?
SARA!
SHE STILL SMELLS THE SAME. ONLY MIXED WITH THE STENCH OF DEATH AND BETRAYAL. MY NOSE, LIKE MY HEART, IS SO CONFUSED.


YOU DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE DOING!
DON'T BE PETTY, EX-LOVER, I CAN SMELL REBOUND ALL OVER YOU.
YOU'RE THE ONE TRASHING YOUR LOVER'S MANSION, "SPIKE."

AH, CRAP.

FALLING.
OUT OF LOVE.
ALSO JUST FALLING.

STAY OUT OF LOS ANGELES PROPER. TRUST ME, HUMAN. STAY FAR, FAR AWAY. SHOW YOUR FACE AGAIN AND I WILL KILL YOU MYSELF.
WHUMP


GODDAMN ABANDONMENT ISSUES.
MAKES SENSE SHE'D HOOK UP WITH SOME ETERNAL, I GUESS.
GAS
LATER.
TURBO BOOST IS ADDED.
I WOULD LOVE IF THAT HUMVEE COULD TURN INTO A TALKING ROBOT.
MAYBE FOR OUR NEXT ADVENTURE.
LISTEN. I HAVE ISSUES. I AM ISLAND UNTO MYSELF AND I DON'T TRUST ANYONE.
BUT THE DEVIL'S GAINING POWER AND I DON'T KNOW HOW TO STOP HIM. HE'S GOT AN ARMY THAT I CAN'T POSSIBLY HANDLE BY MYSELF.
I CAN'T DO THIS ALONE.

SO WHO'S IN?
I HAD A CURSE PUT ON ME AND I CAN TURN INTO A DRAGON, BUT HAVEN'T DONE SO SINCE I ACCIDENTALLY KILLED A KID WITH MY IMPRESSIVE WINGSPAN.
DON'T ASK ME TO TURN INTO NO GODDAMN DRAGON, NOT EVEN IF ANY OR ALL OF OUR LIVES DEPEND ON IT. DEAL?
THAT'S A TEN-FOUR, GUNN.
I CAN'T READ AS GOOD AS I WOULD LIKE. OR WELL. IS IT "READ AS WELL"? I MEAN, I'M SMART BUT I THINK I MAY BE DYSLEXIC. THAT'S MY CROSS TO BEAR, BUT NO ONE BETTER ASK ME TO READ ANYTHING IN THE MIDDLE OF A BATTLE.
WOOF!
HEH, GEORGE, YOU'RE ONE IN A MILLION.
HA
LET'S GET TO WORK.
HA
HA
"DO YOU... LOVE HIM?"

I TOSSED ANGEL OFF OF A CLIFF.
YES. HMMMMM. STILL UNSURE ABOUT YOUR INTENTIONS.
I HAVE MY EYE ON YOU, SPIKE.
I'M TOO CLOSE TO COMPLETELY OVERTHROWING ALL OF HUMAN EXISTENCE TO HAVE IT UNDONE BY SOME DAME. PLUS I'VE BEEN HURT BEFORE. YOU DON'T KNOW HER, BUT IT REALLY MESSED WITH MY TRUST ISSUES.
I LOVE YOU, DEVIL. YOU AND ONLY YOU. NOW STOP BEING SUCH A DOWNER, YOU KNOW WHAT HAPPENS WHEN YOU GET DEPRESSED.
IT'S SNOWING. DEVIL MUST BE DEPRESSED ABOUT SOMETHING.
LUCKILY WE HAVE THESE VARIANT WHITE SNOW OUTFITS.
SPIKE TOLD ME TO STAY OUT OF LOS ANGELES PROPER.
I THOUGHT AT FIRST SHE WAS THREATENING ME BUT I THINK IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN A WARNING. SO NOW WE JUST GOTTA FIND OUT WHAT THE DEVIL'S GOT PLANNED. LUCKILY—
—I KNOW WHO WE CAN ASK.

LATER.
YOU THINK THIS IS GONNA GET ME TO SPILL THE BEANS?
SPILL THE BEANS, SPILL YOUR GUTS ALL OVER THE SIDEWALK, IT DON'T MAKE NO NEVERMIND.
I WAS TOLD... TO HERD ALL THE HUMANS TO HOLLYWOOD AND HIGHLAND AT MIDNIGHT TOMORROW. I WASN'T TOLD WHY... I SWEAR...
...ALL THE LORDS WERE TOLD TO DO THE SAME THING. BRING EVERY HUMAN THEY CAN FIND.
WHUP WHUP WHUP
HE WANTS SOULBLOODE. HE'S GOING FOR PRICE CLUB SUPERSIZE QUANTITY TO GET HIS MOJO CRACKING OVERTIME.
ONLY REASON WE'RE LETTING YOU GO IS SO THAT RED SON OF A GUN DOESN'T SUSPECT ANYTHING. YOU TELL HIM ABOUT THIS, AND WE'RE AIMING EVERYTHING WE OWN RIGHT BETWEEN YOUR HORNS.
LOOKS LIKE—
—I WON'T HAVE TO TELL HIM.

IT'S THE DEVIL'S ARMY!
TURN INTO A DRAGON!
WHAT? NO.
FOR HIS GLORY! FIRE SATANIC TORPEDO LASER BULLET BOMBS.
FOOM
FOOM
FOOM
WELL. ANGEL... YOU MADE AN IMPRESSION ON THE DEVIL.
YEAH—
—AND THESE S.O.B.'s ARE LOOKING TO MAKE A BIG HONKING IMPACT ON WILSHIRE AND 26TH.
KRA-BOOM

OKAY, WE KNOW WHERE HE'LL BE. WE KNOW WHEN. NOW WE JUST HAVE TO FIND A WAY TO BRING SATAN DOWN.
ONLY ONE THING CAN STOP THE DEVIL AND THAT'S AN ENCHANTED HELL DAGGER. AND OLD SCRATCH HIMSELF IS THE ONLY ONE WHO ACTUALLY HAS ONE. HE KEEPS IT CLOSE SO NO ONE CAN GET THEIR MITTS ON IT. AH CRAP, MY IPOD SHUFFLE GOT SCRATCHED.
SO WE'LL FIND ANOTHER WAY.
HEH. ANGEL MADE A SNOW ANGEL. IN THE CITY OF ANGELS. IT'S THE LITTLE THINGS.

BY THE TIME WE GET TO LOS ANGELES AIR FORCE BASE, IT'S STOPPED SNOWING. MEANS DEVIL'S NOT SAD. MEANS DEVIL THINKS I'M DEAD. GOOD. I DON'T WANT HIM TO KNOW I'M NOT DEAD UNTIL I'M THE GUY MAKING *HIM* DEAD.
ARMORY.
ALL CLEAR.

SO, THIS IS WHERE YOU GOT YOUR POWER SUIT.
YES. IT WAS A ONE-OF-A-KIND, BUT MAYBE WE CAN FIND SOMETHING ELSE.
SOMETHING HERE HAS GOTTA BRING THE DEVIL DOWN. MAYBE A LASER RIFLE, OR DEMON POISON BULLETS, OR SOME KINDA HEAD REMOVER—
AHEM, ANGEL...
PUT THE RIFLE DOWN. WE GOT OUR FIREPOWER.
CAN SOMEONE FIND A SECOND NUKE? I WANT THIS ONE TO SHOVE UP THE DEVIL'S ASS, AND ONE TO KEEP IN A MYLAR BAG AND CHERISH.
WARNING: HIGHLY NUCLEAR
A NUCLEAR BOMB'S NOT BAD... FOR STARTERS.
SP-762
SP-762 PULSE RIFLE INSTRUCTIONS
PLEASE READ CAREFULLY TO ENSURE MAXIMUM ENJOYMENT FROM YOUR PURCHASE

COME ON, TEAM. LET'S GO SAVE THE DAY.
DID YOU JUST CALL US A TEAM, MR. LONER?
MAYBE, GUNN. MAYBE.

TOMORROW BECOMES TODAY, TODAY BECOMES NOW.
THE TICKING CLOCK HAS TICKED ITS LAST TOCK.
DEVIL'S ABOUT TO MAKE HIS PLAY. AND I'VE GOT TO GO TO WORK.

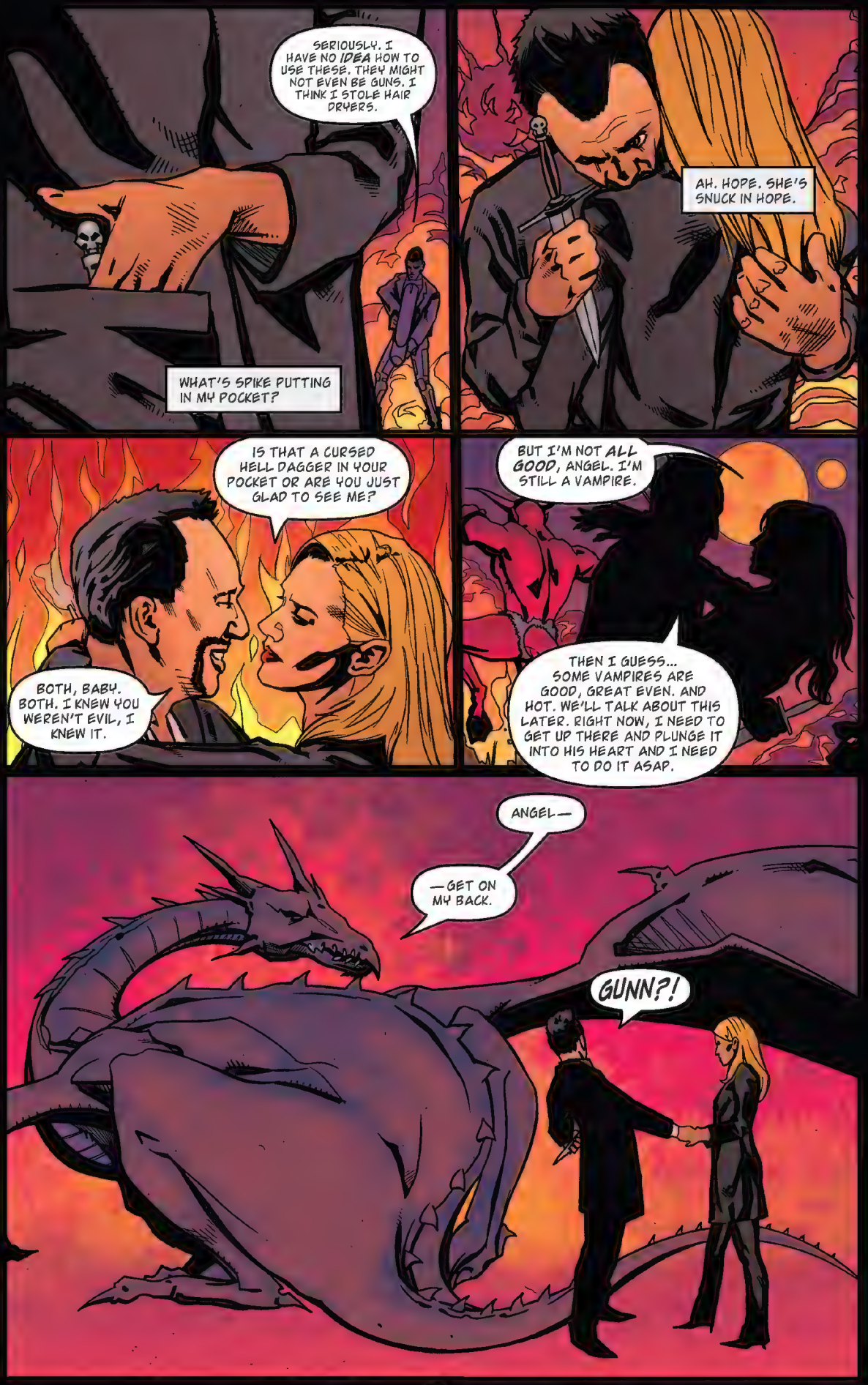
THIS IS IT. DEMON LORDS DID THEIR JOB. SEWER OCTOPI ARE KEEPING THE TARGETS CONTAINED.
TIME TO FEAST UPON THE SOULBLOODE AND RISE TO POWER. SOON MY GRASP WILL SPREAD BEYOND LOS ANGELES, THROUGHOUT AMERICA AND THE WORLD AND PERCHANCE SPACE!
HAS ANYONE SEEN SPIKE? I REALLY WANTED HER TO BE HERE FOR MY BIG MOMENT. I'VE TEXTED HER LIKE A KAJILLION TIMES.
MANN'S
CHINESE
THE DEVIL LOVES YOU
THE DEVIL LO
BOSS, IT'S—
SPIKE? IS IT SPIKE?
NO, SIR.
UNLESS SPIKE IS A SHAPESHIFTER. WHO SHIFTS INTO SOME SERIOUSLY MESSED UP SHAPES. FOR REAL.
BANG, SAID THE GUNN.
OKAY, DEVIL'S DOWN. LET'S MINIMIZE THE MINIONS!

FOOLS.
YOU THINK YOUR ARCHAIC PROJECTILE CAN STOP ME?
THE ONLY THING THAT CAN FELL THE DEVIL IS A—
—MY CURSED HELL DAGGER. IT'S...GONE. NO MATTER.
AFTER THIS FEAST, I WILL BE MORE POWERFUL THAN ANYTHING EVER.
HE'S FEEDING! THE SOULBLOODE! ALL THE SOULBLOODE! ALL THE PEOPLE'S SOULBLOODE!
ACK
HE'S LEAVING US OUT OF THE FEAST. MAYBE THIS IS PERSONAL TO HIM. MAYBE HE WANTS US TO SEE THE SUFFERING OF GOOD PEOPLE. MAYBE HE'S SAVING US FOR LAST. WE WILL NEVER KNOW!*
DAMN THESE NEWFANGLED WEAPONS! DAMN THIS DYSLEXIA! I CAN'T READ THE INSTRUCTIONS AND NOW I'M USELESS!
*Editor's note: but you know, if you've read Last Angel in Hell Prequel: Divine Immunity.
HE'S DOING HIS WORST!
WHAM!
SO WE HAVE TO BRING OUR BEST!

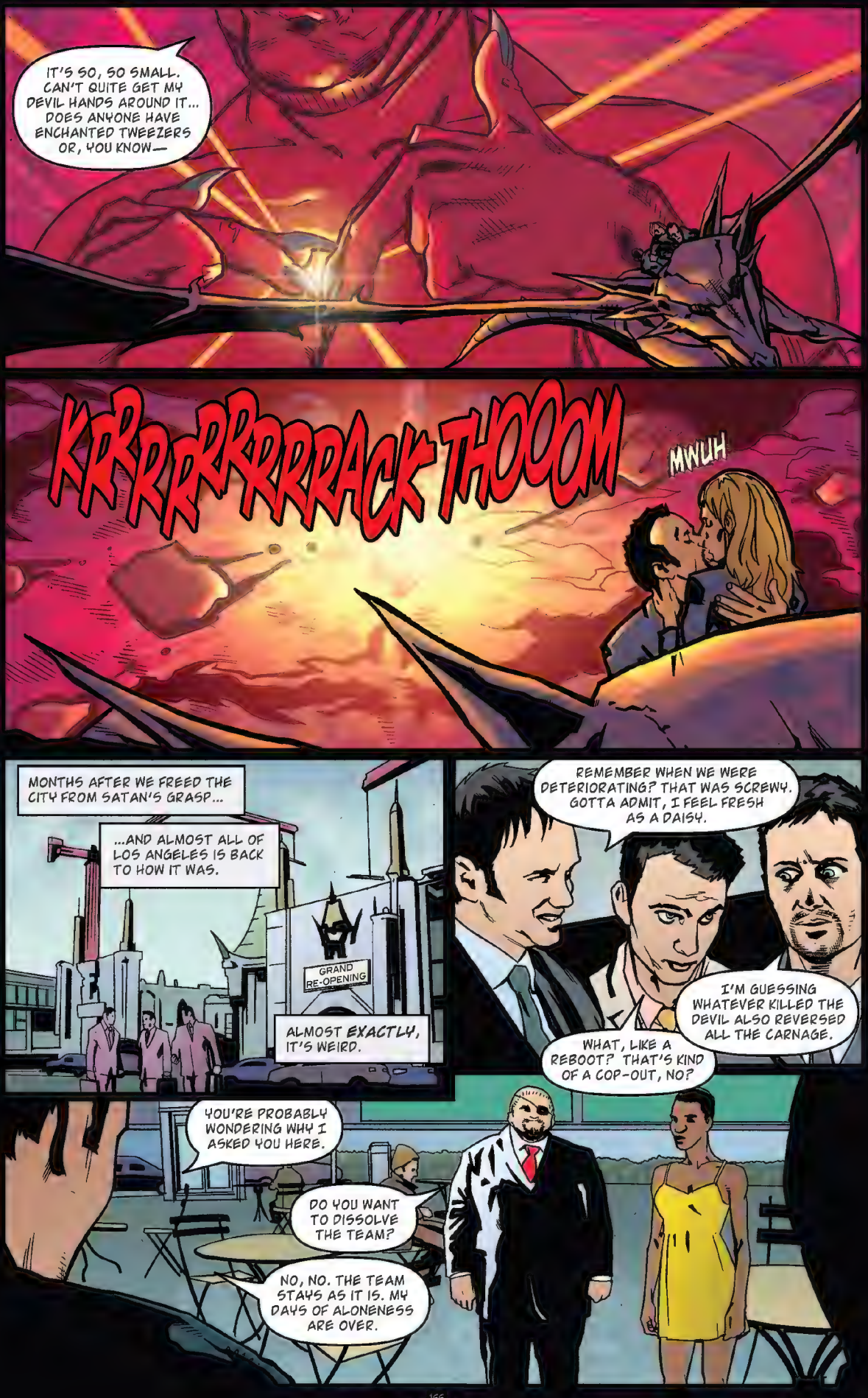
I HAVE THE POWER!
AND NOW, TO BRING HELL ON EARTH!
FOOOOOOOOREVER!

THIS IS IT! DEVIL DUDE'S MAKING HIS MOVE! WE'RE ONLY GONNA GET ONE SHOT AT THIS!
BACK OFF, GUNN.
IF ANYONE'S RISKING THEIR NECK, IT'S ME.
I CAN'T LET YOU DO THAT, ANGEL. YOU'RE THE LEADER, MAN! IF YOU DIE, WE'LL BE LOST!
IT'S MY FAULT WE'RE HERE. NOW IF YOU'LL EXCUSE ME—
—I GOTTA SHOW THE DEVIL WHAT HELL REALLY FEELS LIKE.
YOU HEAR ME, BIG RED?! I'M COMING FOR YOU!
BARK! BARK!
GET BACK, GEORGE. YOU'RE ABOUT TO SEE A SIDE OF ME YOU DON'T LIKE.
?!
SPEAKING AS SOMEONE WHO'S SEEN ALL YOUR SIDES, I GOTTA SAY, THERE'S NOT REALLY ANY I DON'T FANCY, LOVE.

GET OUT OF HERE, SPIKE. WE'RE THROUGH.
BUT I'M NOT THROUGH WITH YOU, YOU BLOODY GIT.
I MAY BE A VAMPIRE BUT YOU'RE THE ONE WHO SUCKS.
GOOD ONE.
I WANT YOU OUT OF HERE. I DON'T TRUST YOU.
AND I DON'T TRUST WHAT I DO WHEN YOU'RE AROUND.
ANGEL, SPIKE... WE DON'T HAVE TIME FOR THIS!
FINE. BUT IF ANGEL'S GONNA DIE...
...ANGEL'S GONNA DIE HAPPY.
WHOA. IS IT HELL HOT IN HERE OR IS IT JUST THEM?

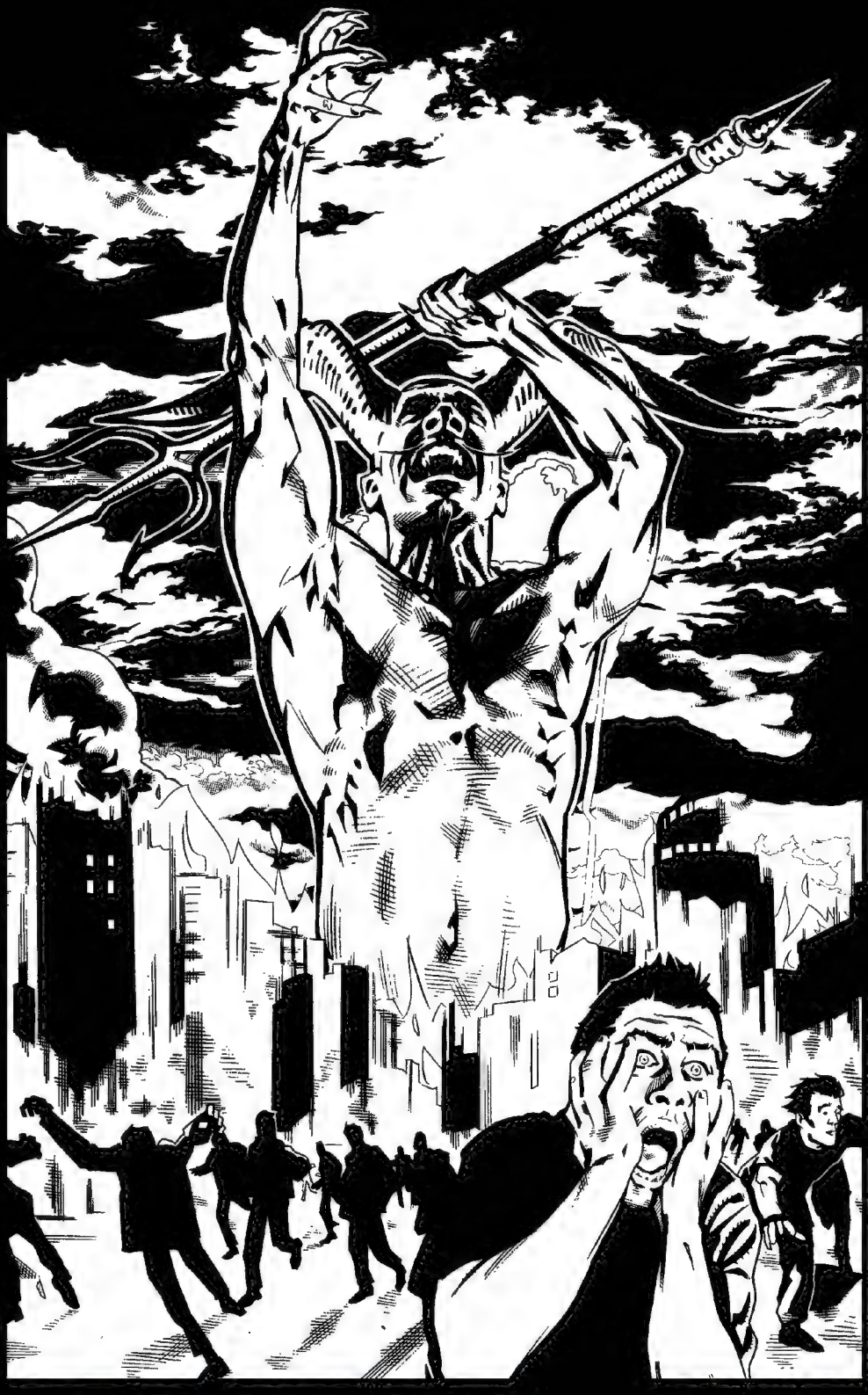

SERIOUSLY. I HAVE NO IDEA HOW TO USE THESE. THEY MIGHT NOT EVEN BE GUNS. I THINK I STOLE HAIR DRYERS.
WHAT'S SPIKE PUTTING IN MY POCKET?
AH. HOPE. SHE'S SNUCK IN HOPE.
IS THAT A CURSED HELL DAGGER IN YOUR POCKET OR ARE YOU JUST GLAD TO SEE ME?
BOTH, BABY. BOTH. I KNEW YOU WEREN'T EVIL, I KNEW IT.
BUT I'M NOT ALL GOOD, ANGEL. I'M STILL A VAMPIRE.
THEN I GUESS... SOME VAMPIRES ARE GOOD, GREAT EVEN. AND HOT. WE'LL TALK ABOUT THIS LATER. RIGHT NOW, I NEED TO GET UP THERE AND PLUNGE IT INTO HIS HEART AND I NEED TO DO IT ASAP.
ANGEL—
—GET ON MY BACK.
GUNN?!

LET'S GO! FRED, CLEAR A PATH.
I CAN'T! I DON'T KNOW HOW TO USE THESE GUNS—
YOU DON'T NEED THE GUNS, FRED. THE MAGIC WAS IN YOU ALL ALONG. PLUS, YOU HAVE A TECH SUIT THAT CAN FIRE DESTRUCTIVE BEAMS OF ENERGY.
I'M DOING IT! I'M ACTUALLY DOING IT!
NOOO!!! STAY AWAY!
FOR LOS ANGELES!
FOR LOVE!

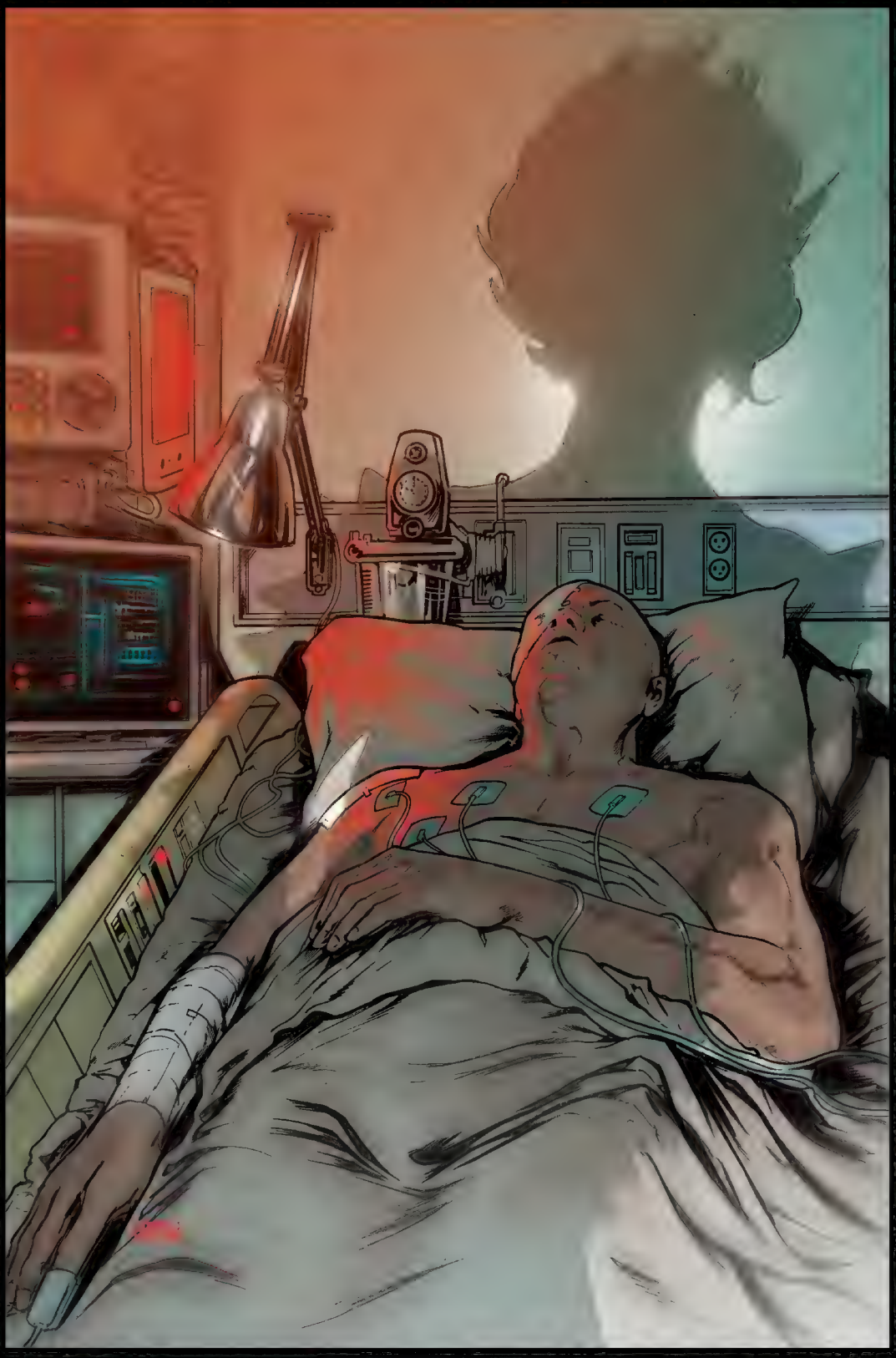

IT'S SO, SO SMALL. CAN'T QUITE GET MY DEVIL HANDS AROUND IT... DOES ANYONE HAVE ENCHANTED TWEEZERS OR, YOU KNOW—
KRRRRRRRRRACKTHOOOM
MWUH
MONTHS AFTER WE FREED THE CITY FROM SATAN'S GRASP...
...AND ALMOST ALL OF LOS ANGELES IS BACK TO HOW IT WAS.
GRAND RE-OPENING
ALMOST EXACTLY, IT'S WEIRD.
REMEMBER WHEN WE WERE DETERIORATING? THAT WAS SCREWY. GOTTA ADMIT, I FEEL FRESH AS A DAISY.
I'M GUESSING WHATEVER KILLED THE DEVIL ALSO REVERSED ALL THE CARNAGE.
WHAT, LIKE A REBOOT? THAT'S KIND OF A COP-OUT, NO?
YOU'RE PROBABLY WONDERING WHY I ASKED YOU HERE.
DO YOU WANT TO DISSOLVE THE TEAM?
NO, NO. THE TEAM STAYS AS IT IS. MY DAYS OF ALONENESS ARE OVER.

IN FACT, THE TEAM IS ABOUT TO GET A NEW MEMBER. AND WE WANT YOU TO BE GODPARENTS.
ANGEL, YOU OLD DOG, YOU.
IT IS YOURS, RIGHT? IT'S NOT GOING TO COME OUT WITH HORNS, IS IT? OH WAIT, THAT COOL REBOOT. SO THIS HAPPENED AFTER WE GOT BACK.
IF IT'S A BOY, I WANT TO NAME HIM CONNOR.
"CONNOR"? PSSSSH.
OH, WOW.
I ALWAYS LIKED WESLEY.
SORRY TO DISTURB YOU, ANGEL. BUT I NEED YOUR HELP. AN EVIL IS COMING TO THIS CITY THE LIKES OF WHICH WE HAVEN'T SEEN SINCE A FEW MONTHS AGO. I DON'T KNOW IF EVEN YOU CAN STOP THE WOLF, THE RAM, AND THE HEART.
MAYBE I CAN'T...

LAST ANGEL IN HELL



art gallery



This Page: Art by Franco Urru
Color by Fabio Mantovani

Opposite Page: Art by Nick Runge

This Page: Art by Franco Urru

Opposite Page: Art by Franco Urru
Color by Paolo Maddaleni

This Page: Art by Nick Runge

Opposite Page: Art by Franco Urru
Color by Paolo Maddaleni

Opposite Page: Art by Sam "Mister Sam" Shearon

This Page: Art by Sam "Mister Sam" Shearon

Opposite Page: Art by Franco Urru
Color by Fabio Mantovani

Opposite Page: Art by Nick Runge

RUNGE

ANGEL

This Page: Art by Sam "Mister Sam" Shearon

Opposite Page: Art by Stephen Mooney

This Page: Art by Nick Runge

Opposite Page: Art by Nick Runge

RUNGE

This Page: Art by Stephen Mooney

Opposite Page: Art by Stephen Mooney and Nick Runge

STEPHEN '09

This Page: Art by Stephen Mooney and Nick Runge

This Page: Art by Stephen Mooney and Nick Runge

ANGEL™

LAST ANGEL IN HELL

VOLUME 6

In possibly the craziest *Angel* volume yet, we find out what happened to Gunn, Drusilla, Angel, and Spike in the aftermath of the Fall, which includes comas, insane asylums, a comic con, and even Angel's movie adaptation. With stories by fan-favorite writer **Brian Lynch** and a two-issue arc co-written by Drusilla herself, **Juliet Landau**, this collection shows you just how insane Angel's world can get.

IDW®
WWW.IDWPUBLISHING.COM